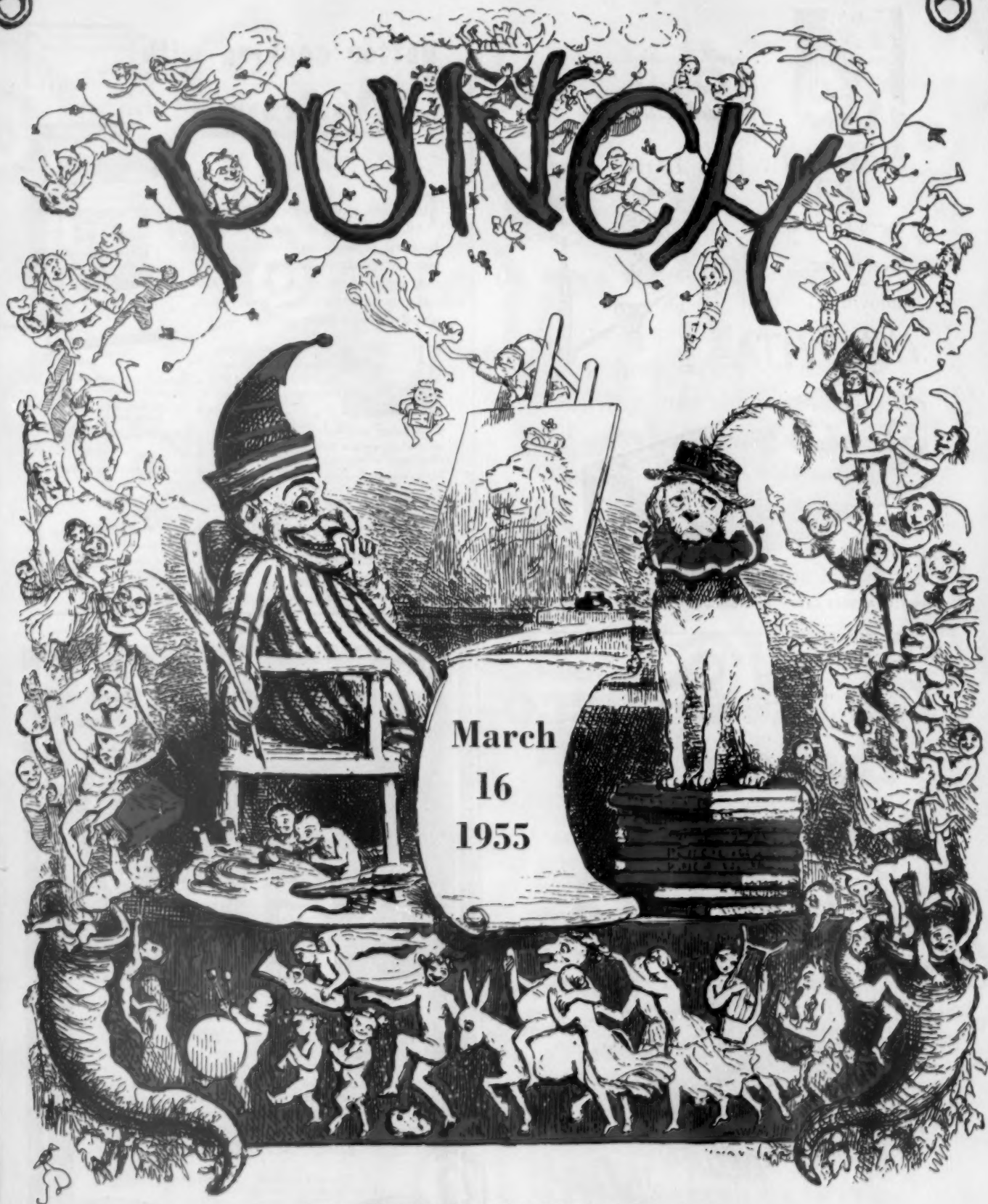


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—March 16 1955

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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4.



"Supper's no problem
with Macvita to hand.
So sustaining . . . so tasty . . ."

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there are good
reasons for
enjoying

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**It's the tobacco
that counts**



... that's why

*Player's
Please*

[NCC 885M]

Better cooking with

Vulcan

that's clear to see!

FULL-VIEW cooking—there's a wonderful, worry-saving idea for you! Vulcan's famous glass panel oven door is guaranteed unbreakable—keeps heat in perfectly—and, above all, *never steams over*. And that's not all. With Vulcan, in every way, it's *all clear*—for better cooking!



Roomy plinth drawer,
below oven, keeps pans
and shelves out of the
way, when not required.

Shelf-runners embossed
on oven sides make for
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when cooking's done.



- Automatic heat regulator—with glass door gives you double-control.
- Bakelite thumb-piece safety taps stay cool, turn easily.
- Self-locating grill pan.
- Fully-furnished oven.
- Choice of attractive finishes.

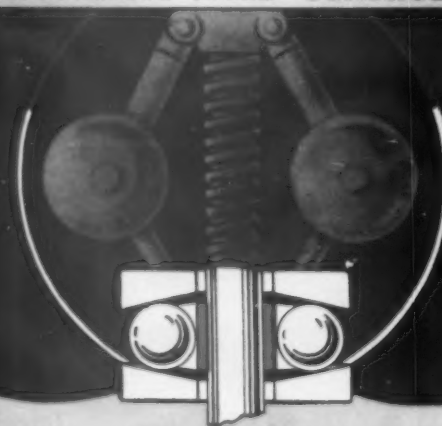
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Double-Control Gas Cooking

THE VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD., EXETER
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SEE a Vulcan at your
local gas showrooms,
and write for illustrated
brochure.

ACCURATE SPEED CONTROL



A Vital Principle

The Iso-Speedic governor eliminates disturbing static friction,
giving a high-precision accuracy of speed control,
within 0.3% when required.

Used on diesel and petrol engines, for generating sets,
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THE ISO-SPEEDIC COMPANY LTD.,
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Comedy Pays Off

(in more ways than one)

Laugh and the world laughs
with you! Never before was that old
saying truer than it is today.
And never has the world been in
greater need of a good hearty
laugh—for laughter and
hate cannot live long
in the same house.

A SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE WORLD



THE J. ARTHUR RANK Organisation has long realised the value of laughter. GENEVIEVE—that delightful film of the London-to-Brighton veteran car run—has left a trail of laughter throughout the world. The amusing misfortunes of Norman Wisdom in TROUBLE IN STORE (and now in ONE GOOD TURN) have brought smiles to the faces of millions.

Another of the Rank Group's series of comedies—DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—has already been seen by over 17 million people in Britain and, last year, took more money than any other film at British box offices. By the end of 1954 it had grossed £500,000 in the United Kingdom alone, a record equalled only twice before. Now it is breaking more records round the world.

WEALTH AND HEALTH

First-class British comedies have enormous prestige value abroad. Not only are such films as GENEVIEVE, TROUBLE IN STORE and DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE long remembered with gratitude by those who see them; they reflect also the inner strength of a country which, in a world taut with fear and suspicion, can still laugh at its own institutions and idiosyncrasies.

Laughter can gather more tangible rewards too. Films like these Rank Group comedies mean big foreign-currency earnings, including those all-important dollars for Britain. Laughter, in fact, is just what the doctor ordered.



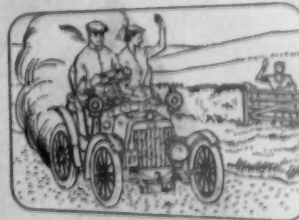
'DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE'

Included in the 'best films of the year' lists by seven British national newspapers.



'GENEVIEVE'

Included in the 'ten best films of 1954' lists by the New York Times, the New York Herald Tribune, the New York Sunday News, the New York Post and Time magazine.



'TROUBLE IN STORE'

Placed second among the top money-making films of 1954 in Britain by the Motion Picture Herald Poll.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

The things
that money
can't buy

WIT AND DISTINCTION open more doors than wealth. The Wolseley Four-Fortyfour, for instance, is not an expensive car. In fact, considering the first-class performance of its 1½ litre engine, its room-for-everyone-and-Nanny-too dimensions and its sensible amenities (twin interior lights, all-round visibility with safety glass throughout, and most generous luggage space) it is exceedingly good value. But on top of this you get something that money cannot buy—a distinction, a style, a something that is unmistakably Wolseley and incidentally a something that in your own case may be singularly in character . . .



The
WOLSELEY
Four-Fortyfour



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London Showrooms: 12, Berkeley Street, W.1. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd.,
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the 'INFRAPHIL' lamp



An asset to every sports club, team and sportsman, this Philips Infra-red lamp is medically approved and is already in use by many famous coaches. Invaluable in relieving sprains, strains, bruises, colds and as an aid in massage. Mounted on a pedestal in such a way that it can be rotated and adjusted vertically. Complete £5.5.0
(Made in Holland)

★ Can be used on A.C. or D.C. mains, voltages 110 to 250. It is essential to state voltage when ordering.

Lillywhites
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1

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Gold Label

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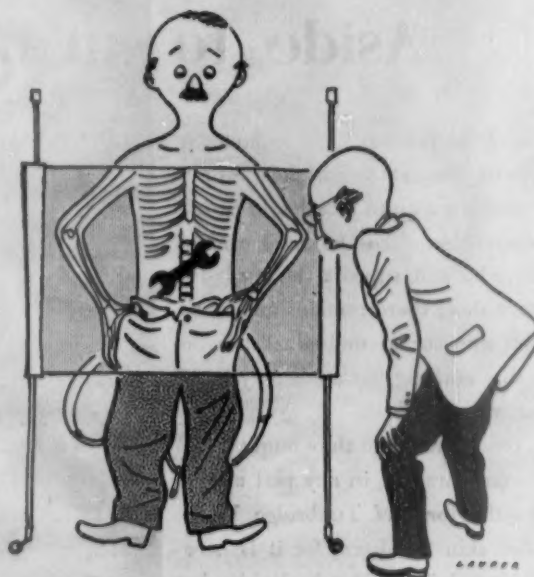
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Siebert Gold Label Rum

is a glowing drink for those who know and appreciate fine Rum. Full-bodied, yet gentle to the palate; golden in colour and of medium flavour and aroma; we invite you to compare it with any other good Rum you know.

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ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, 55 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W. 1

Aside to an individualist

Just as clever machines can make today a perfectly adequate pair of shoes, so can they produce a quite passable biscuit.

Nevertheless, like the hard core of people who still support the made-to-measure shoe, there remains among us a small number of individualists who insist that nothing but a made-by-hand biscuit will do.

To these few—and they might be in any income bracket, in any part of the globe—the town of Tunbridge Wells is rather akin to Mecca, for it is here that Romary's Tunbridge Wells biscuits are made.

Resolutely impractical, Romary's continue to rely on the skilled hand and the experienced eye, two ingredients as old-fashioned as the soft-grained English wheat and dairy butter that go into our Tunbridge Wells biscuits.

Measured by hand, rolled by hand (and rolled wafer-fine), these biscuits are then cut by hand . . . but why repeat? It's clear that the machine is not the master at Romary's.

Try Romary's Wheaten or Tunbridge Wells biscuits—preferably with wine or cheese—and we believe you'll see why we take this stand for craftsmanship. Either of these biscuits provides a taste experience that no impersonal machine, in our opinion, could match. You'll find them packed in handsome drums . . . not at every grocery counter, but decidedly worth seeking out.



 * P.S. Good companions for your *
 * cocktail parties are Romary's *
 * Cocktail biscuits. And there are *
 * three for tea: Honey Bake, Ginger *
 * Bake, and Chocolate Batons, which *
 * you'll want to enjoy every day. *
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Romary's ORIGINAL
 HAND-MADE BISCUITS



At the sign of the Wish-bone

A mound of chicken wish-bones—hundreds of thousands of them—is a sight you might well see if you were to visit the Shippam factory at Chichester.

Every week thousands of fine plump chickens are delivered to the factory. They are typical of the fresh top-grade ingredients that go into Shippam's meat and fish pastes and all their other fine foods...maintaining a tradition of quality that has been handed down from father to son for more than 200 years.

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S. 51



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(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



REGD TRADE MARK



"Yes, I always enjoy it...it adds piquancy to a meal...in fact, a superb cheese!"

Danish Blue

Ask for Danish by its famous name

BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLER TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI, JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



Between sportsmen



There's everything to be said for

**Johnnie
Walker**

the smooth round whisky
in the square bottle

Born 1820—still going strong



Minimum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

WHAT WOMEN LIKE MOST ABOUT MEN

By Prince Gourielli

HAVE you ever heard the words: "such a clean-cut young man" or "how well-groomed he always is"? According to a recent survey it is *grooming* that the girls find it hardest to resist. Effeminate? Nonsense! Using the resources of the famous laboratories of my wife, Helena Rubinstein (the celebrated cosmetician), I have designed a new range of toilet preparations for men and men only. The scent I chose has a rugged freshness that's unmistakably masculine; and the original cocktail-shaker flasks are plainly 'his'. What constitutes good grooming? Let's start at the top. **YOUR HAIR.** Dandruff? ... greasy and dull? ... dry and lifeless? Try my new Tonic Hair Shampoo (7/9) followed by Tonic Hair Groom (15/6). The shampoo contains a special agent to control dandruff and the hair groom is vitamin-enriched. **YOUR FACE.** Without a doubt your face's worst enemy is the razor. To protect tender skin I have created a New Enriched Shave Cream (in Classic Bowl 10/9) blended of super-soft oils that penetrate the most grizzled beard and lubricate the skin beneath. To carry on the good work I developed a special After-Shave Lotion (15/6) to nourish, tone and soothe. Note: a *lotion*, **YOUR BODY.** For general good-grooming there is Prince Gourielli Men's Soap (3 man-sized tablets for 10/9) ... Talcum For Men (discreetly treated with a new deodorant, 7/9) ... and Eau de Cologne For Men (19/6). Available from leading stores and chemists. P.G.



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Antique Finish Leather	4 x 3 1/2	7/1	4 1/2 x 3 1/2	8/6	5 1/2 x 4 1/2	10/-
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Gift Gift boxed. At all stores and stationers

T.J. & J. Smith Ltd. LOMBARD ROAD, LONDON, S.W.10. LIO 5071 (5 lines)



Men's Shirts —
ground floor

Shirts from Simpsons of Piccadilly for the warmer, jacketless days ahead: to wear with a tie or without. The two-way collar has no fastening to show when worn open, yet sets perfectly when you wear it with a tie. The short-sleeved shirt is of cool, light matte weave cotton, in white, cream, grey, gold, green or light blue. Collar sizes 14½-17½. £2.2.0.

Long-sleeved, it is in cotton gaberdine in a choice of gold, fawn, grey, white or blue. Collar sizes 14½-17. £3.10.0

You can also order through the Simpson Post Order Service.



She's worth a Fortune!



She's worth boxes and boxes of Fortune. She's as delightful as Mallow and Delight, delicious as Caramel. She's as melting as Truffle, as irresistible as Montelimart. She's dreamy, Orange-Creamy, the Nut-Whirl girl of 1955. She's certainly worth the kind of Fortune that makes the heart grow fonder!

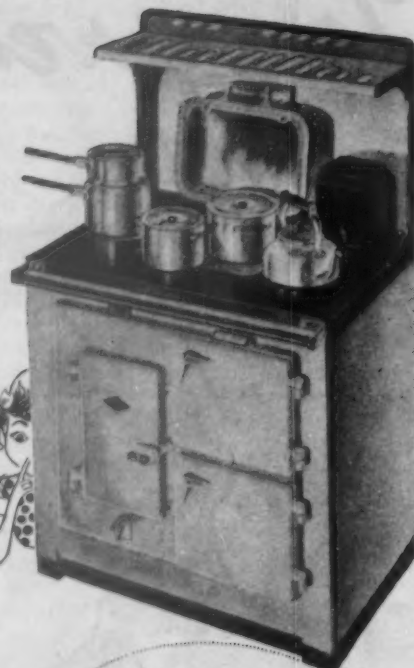


2/6 1/2 lb, 5/- lb
in the sky blue box

CALEY
make wonderful chocolates

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ESSE
ON THE
NEW
LOWER
H.P.
TERMS



SSSH BE BLOWED
AND BEG PARDON, MA'AM.
ESSE'S TERMS ARE
NOW UNBEATABLE
IN BRITAIN!



YOU can take advantage of these terms which your local ESSE distributor will gladly explain. He'll be proud, too, to show you one of these world-famed (yes, really) ESSE cookers. There's one for your size of home, beautifully finished, so easy to work and keep clean and in a choice of pastel colours to enhance your kitchen.

ESSE's great secret is in the Heat Storage Principle which effects such remarkable economy with coke, anthracite or Phurnacite and ensures that the wonderful cooking facilities and hot water service, available with an ESSE, are yours whenever required, day or night.

The ESSE Fairy, shown here, has two spacious ovens, 'fast' and 'slow'; a roomy hotplate for super-fast boiling, and thermostatic control.

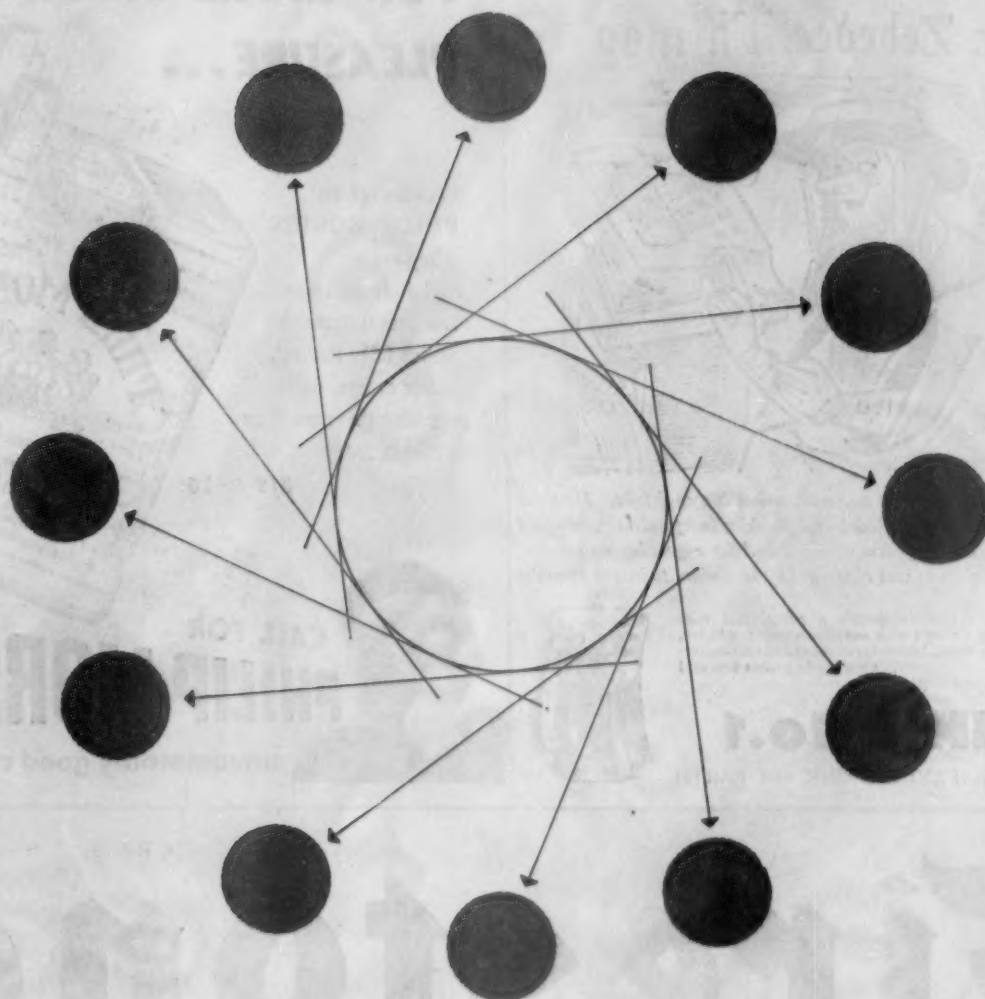
Life's easier with an ESSE. Find out for yourself by writing, first, for colour catalogue A/dc.

Prices from £103.2.3 with boiler; £89 7.6 without boiler or low terms over 4 years.

The AUTOMATIC HYDRESSE Water Heater serves economically the mansion, small hotel, board residence, farm—any place where hot water is constantly on call. Thermostat saves fuel and labour. Streamlined porcelain enamel finish also in colours. £64 10s. or on terms.



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A flush of tangents

Though going off at a tangent may suggest a butterfly brain to many people, it means something entirely different to us. For, with a subject as diverse as electricity, development is always likely to shoot off in unexpected directions. We encourage this sort of activity in Crompton's. At the moment there are twelve sections which make up the Crompton Parkinson organisation, all of

which began life as tangents shooting off from the parent body. They are now well established and respected, each dealing with its own flush of tangents. This is the nature of progress. New discoveries are pursued and developed—eventually they are assimilated and become part of the accepted order of things. This is how the firm of Crompton Parkinson has grown and why it will keep on growing.

When it comes to electrical equipment . . .

you've got to hand it to

Crompton Parkinson
LIMITED



ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS • ALTERNATORS • GENERATORS
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* There is a controlling factor common to all tangents which stops them getting out of hand. No tangent can exist as such unless it remains close contact with the circle which is its parent body. That's just the way we like things at Crompton's.

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RAISE YOUR PIMM'S TO
Dr. Zebedee Thringg



Nobody knows what Thringg doctored, unless it was drinks. He lived and died at Much Snoring, Beds., and, working independently, invented soap, eiderdowns, and a system of shorthand for engraving on granite. To the end of his days he was chagrined by his failure to invent Pimm's.

Where there's a Pimm's there's a party, and wise parties mix their Pimm's with fizzy lemonade; add ice, and garnish with sliced lemon (or orange) and cucumber-peel—if borage isn't handy. One bottle makes lots and lots of this spirited cup.

PIMM'S No.1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



**FOR MORE SMOKING
PLEASURE...**

...change to
PHILIP MORRIS
They are
definitely different
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richer aroma, more
smoking pleasure. Try
a packet today.

3/9 for 20



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Experience Counts —

24 Factories throughout the world.
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Town & Country ALL SEASON

For rear wheels, giving maximum grip in mud, slush and snow. Non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads. Smooth riding, and quiet. Long, trouble-free mileage.

Similar equipment ideal for light vans
TUBELESS OR CONVENTIONAL

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

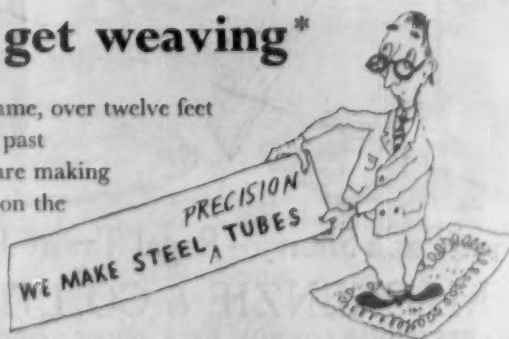





In steel tubes

Accles & Pollock always get weaving*

* In carpet-making the manufacturer demands a tube frame, over twelve feet long, but straight as a die and free from all twist. In the past this proved quite a problem, but now Accles & Pollock are making them from steel tubes for Platt Brothers and we shall be on the carpet with Accles & Pollock if we don't tell you what a clever and accurate piece of tube making this is.



Accles & Pollock Ltd., Oldbury, Birmingham.

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...And if the Chairman
sends you for tobacco, remember that
he smokes only **FOUR SQUARE Red***

*One of the six Four Square Vacuum Packed tobaccos

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'Fino Perla' Sherry - 'Regal' Tawny Port
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Sumrie Clothes are good — really good

For the name of your nearest stockist, please write to:

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Deborah Kerr gave her husband Anthony Bartley a Parker '51' for his birthday



Deborah Kerr and her husband Anthony Bartley are both British, though they live mostly in America. Mr. Bartley, an ex-R.A.F. squadron leader, is now a film and television scriptwriter. Miss Kerr is now appearing in the film of Graham Greene's "The End of the Affair" (Columbia Pictures). For his birthday, she gave her husband a Parker '51.'



NOW... A YET MORE PRECIOUS THING

New exclusive nib point and electro-polishing process

THE NEW Parker '51' has always been a pen placed apart from all others—a pen that nearly everyone would like to own some day.

Now it has become a yet more precious thing. Its nib-point—that tiny, all-important pellet of metal welded to the end of the nib—is now made of a new alloy of two rare, costly metals, Platinum and Ruthenium. This is our exclusive creation: we call it Plathenium.

It takes a far higher degree of polish than other materials—polish that only our own special electro-polishing process makes possible. And it's so wear-resistant that years of writing won't alter it! So it gives you the silkiest writing

point you've ever tried, that will be exactly the same—just as silky, with just the width of line you've always liked—many years from now.

What an incomparable gift, this latest Parker '51,' to offer for a very special occasion!

Choice of four colours and eight different nib grades. Price (Rolled Gold cap) 105/-. (Lustraloy cap) 82/3.

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

In elegant presentation case

ROLLED GOLD CAPS £7.18.6 PENCIL ALONE 52/6
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PENCIL TO MATCH ALL THESE - - - - 20/5

Presentation boxes available for pen and pencil sets

Never mind, Susan, it's a Marleyflex Floor



Accidents will happen, but this is Susan's lucky day. All evidence will be removed when busy Mummy has a moment to spare to grab a mop. Even sticky fruit juice can't stain a Marleyflex floor, and this is equally true of more adult beverages. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to deprive a Marleyflex floor of its original freshness and beauty.

BUILDING OR BUYING A NEW HOUSE?

Then insist on solid ground floors covered with Marley tiles. They will save you money, and ensure lifelong freedom from dry rot, woodworm and under-floor draughts. No cracks for ants and no mice either. Write for booklet FF.1.

MARLEYFLEX



The Marley Tile Co. Ltd., Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent. Sevenoaks 2251

*London Showrooms at Alfred Goslett & Co. Ltd.,
127-131 Charing Cross Rd, W.C.2 Telephone: Gerrard 7890*

**"Let it rain, let it pour
my drying problems are no more"**

THE Tumbler Dryer

**DRIES YOUR WASH QUICKLY, GENTLY AND
ABSOLUTELY SPOTLESS—WHATEVER THE WEATHER!**

WONDERFUL work-saving news! Now you can dry your wash in next to no time—regardless of rain, fog, sleet or snow. With a click of a switch the Tumbler Dryer gives you perfect 'drying weather'—there in a corner of your kitchen.

SIMPLY . . . put your wash—sheets, towels, nappies, your most fragile dainty things—into the Tumbler Dryer straight after wringing. Set the easy one-knob control . . . and relax. When time's up, the Dryer switches itself off. Your wash is gently and thoroughly tumbled dry in an electrically warmed breeze—either damp-dry for ironing or bone dry, as you wish.

See the Tumbler Dryer at your local
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Dealer or Electricity Service Centre.
Generous Hire Purchase Terms are
available. Cash Price £59. Purchase
Tax extra.



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ALL OTHERS

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THE NEW DARK
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING SHOE POLISH

'Granolá'

The finest of all Digestive Biscuits

**Macfarlane
Lang**



*British Biscuits
at their Best*



Problems of space *aren't always interstellar!*

Take the case of a light industry that is going ahead—and running out of storage space.

Before discussion turns to such drastic remedies as building a new store or shifting the whole concern to a new site, it is worth taking another look at the seat of the trouble. That gap between the top layer of stacked goods and the roof above . . . there *is* the extra space. Too high to be reached? Not by a fork truck!

Don't be too quick to decide that an electric fork truck costs more than the job justifies. A truck like that can do more than stack goods to roof level. It can and will do every normal

handling job throughout the works. Every job of lifting and shifting, from unloading material to loading the finished product into the outgoing lorries. And remember, it's a *battery* truck, the simplest of all trucks to use and maintain, and the only type that can safely operate where contaminating exhaust fumes are taboo.

A light electric fork truck can give you the space you need *and* spread the benefits of quick, cheap mechanical handling right through the works. *And its 'fuel' cost, in terms of electric current consumed, will be from 1d. an hour.*



Exide-Ironclad BATTERIES—a product of Chloride Batteries Limited

★ *The Company's Battery Traction Advisory Staff is always ready to discuss any aspect of electric traction*

V64

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CHARIVARIA

THE *Daily Mail* headline "Firing the Big Shot" suggested yet another grand step forward in nuclear weapon tests, and readers felt badly let down to find it was only something about sacking Aneurin Bevan.

Get Him for the Railways

GENERAL GRUENTHER, tipped as the next U.S. Army chief, is credited in an American dispatch with the memory of a historian, the logic of a mathematician, the energy of an athlete, the drive of an industrialist, the tact of a diplomat—and, moreover, is "the best damn soldier in the Army." Military correspondents agree that he doesn't stand a chance.

Per Ardua Atishoo

ROYAL Air Force men recently took part in common cold experiments, which showed not only that men who were protected against catching colds caught more colds than men who weren't but that those who weren't protected must be told that they were, otherwise they would have caught them at the mere idea of not being. Old R.A.F. men say that the organization sounds the same as ever.

Slip Out for a Wave and Set

LONDON motorists, learning that the new parking meters will be more expensive than garaging, must console



themselves with the reflection that with any luck at all they can always leave their car in a traffic jam while they get a quick lunch.

Friends

CLAIMING that "Your Money Goes Further Too," a German tourist agency

is heading advertisements in this country with a drawing of a comically extended dachshund. It is an encouraging sign when former opponents can woo each other with trademarks fastened on them by enemy cartoonists: perhaps we may look forward to a brochure or two with a title design of interwoven eagles, bears and steamrollers.

Friend/Enemy in Court

ACCORDING to two reports of British justice at work Judge Clothier said last week "I know nothing about television,



and I am not anxious to know about it," and Sir Basil Henriques, in another court on the same day, rebuked a witness for keeping loose money at home. "It should be banked," he said. Each learned pronouncement aroused keen interest, of widely differing kinds, among retailers trying to sell television sets and bankers trying to get customers.

Chain Reaction

AFTER a faulty start the *Daily Sketch* made good running with the Townsend story, first by reprinting it in the form of a rebuke to the *Sunday Pictorial* for printing it, later by reprinting what the foreign papers printed from what the *Daily Sketch* had printed from the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Comes the Dawn

FAMILY life as the basis of national stability has long been a favourite theme with Royal speech writers, but their copyright was boldly infringed by the Lord Mayor in his address of welcome at last week's Mansion House luncheon. Luckily this had been in some mysterious way foreseen, and the guest of honour had

been furnished with material which revolutionized the occasion with H. de Vere Stacpoole-esque references to waving palms, blue water and coral sands.

Ah, Well

AN advertisement in *The World's Fair* poses a tough one: "Wanted—Someone to convert a Ghost Train into a Tunnel of Love." It's the other way round that's so easy.

Can't Please Everybody

IT is not yet known whether the Manchester Diocesan Council for Moral Welfare Work will next year repeat its refusal of funds raised by the Manchester undergraduates' *Rag Bag*. As the Bishop Suffragan of Middleton says, it will "depend very much on whether they can produce something that we do not dislike quite so much." It is understood that the editors are hopefully



working on an edition which the Council will merely dislike a little, or perhaps only deplore, and thus honour will be satisfied.

Nothing to Tell the Folks

EVEN tourists seem to be going soft. When Pisa's famous tower shook in an earth tremor recently the visitors inside panicked in a rush for the stairs. Not one of them hung back to savour the line, "I was in it when it fell."

Let-Down

LEARNED societies must look out. Such discussion topics as the metabolism of fats, the luminescence of solids, the acid dew-point—these are their proper field. Public awe begins to wither and fade at the announcement

of next Tuesday's debate, by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, on the motion: "There is no future in Great Britain for the motor scooter."

Slipping

EASY to write and agreeable to read, harsh criticism has everything to commend it, as the *Express* team would be the first to agree. When one opera last week had been described as "disastrous," another as "crude," one play



as a "damp squib" and another as "tired," it was courageous of Mr. Leonard Mosley to say that a television play was wrecked by the beauty of the leading lady. Any more of this and the theatre could get smug.

Local Anaesthetic

Because people sit late over TV more than a hundred Aylesbury pubs have been allotted to stay open an extra half hour until 10.30.

We've digested Panorama,
And we've stuck it through the drama,
Watched with Mother, seen Big
Brother, found the Link:
Now for thirty golden minutes
Let's abandon kith and kin. It's
Time to go and wash the Pickles
down with drink.



"Can't quite remember now if he's a
Crossmanite - Wiggite - Bevanite or a
Mihardoite - Haleite - Bevanite."



THERE has been a good deal of controversy lately about whether the B.B.C. should be allowed to deal with subjects due to come up for discussion in Parliament. Our political leaders, irrespective of party, are all quite clear that no such prior radio discussion is permissible. If Sir Winston or Mr. Attlee or Sir Anthony or Mr. Gaitskell, or even Mr. Nutting, is going to deliver himself of a considered statement, then the House of Commons is clearly the place for it to be delivered, and no discussion should be allowed elsewhere to rob it of its bloom and freshness.

If, however, it is agreed that our political leaders must be given exclusive rights in dealing with matters of public interest, the difficulty arises as to how these rights are to be guaranteed. Where obviously important matters, like whether the world is to be blown up by an H-bomb, are concerned, it is easy enough. Sir Winston or Sir Anthony, or, as I have said, Mr. Nutting, will speak, and until they have spoken all others must be silent. But how about border-line subjects? It might happen, for instance, that a B.B.C. panel was allowed to deal with, say, the incidence of foot-and-mouth disease in Glamorgan-shire, only to find that some honourable or right honourable Member had been meditating giving tongue on the same theme. In such a case the authority of Parliament would have been impaired.

It seems to me that the way out of this dilemma is to put an absolute ban on radio discussions of any topic of public interest. This, I am quite ready to admit, is the ideal towards which the B.B.C. has long been striving, but unfortunately it is still far from being fully attained. Why not now go boldly forward, and confine panels and discussion groups to questions like whether eggs should be cracked at the big or little end? The dialectical skill of the performers would have full scope, the public would be diverted, and our legislators would be left in exclusive possession of the field of public affairs, which is rightly theirs.

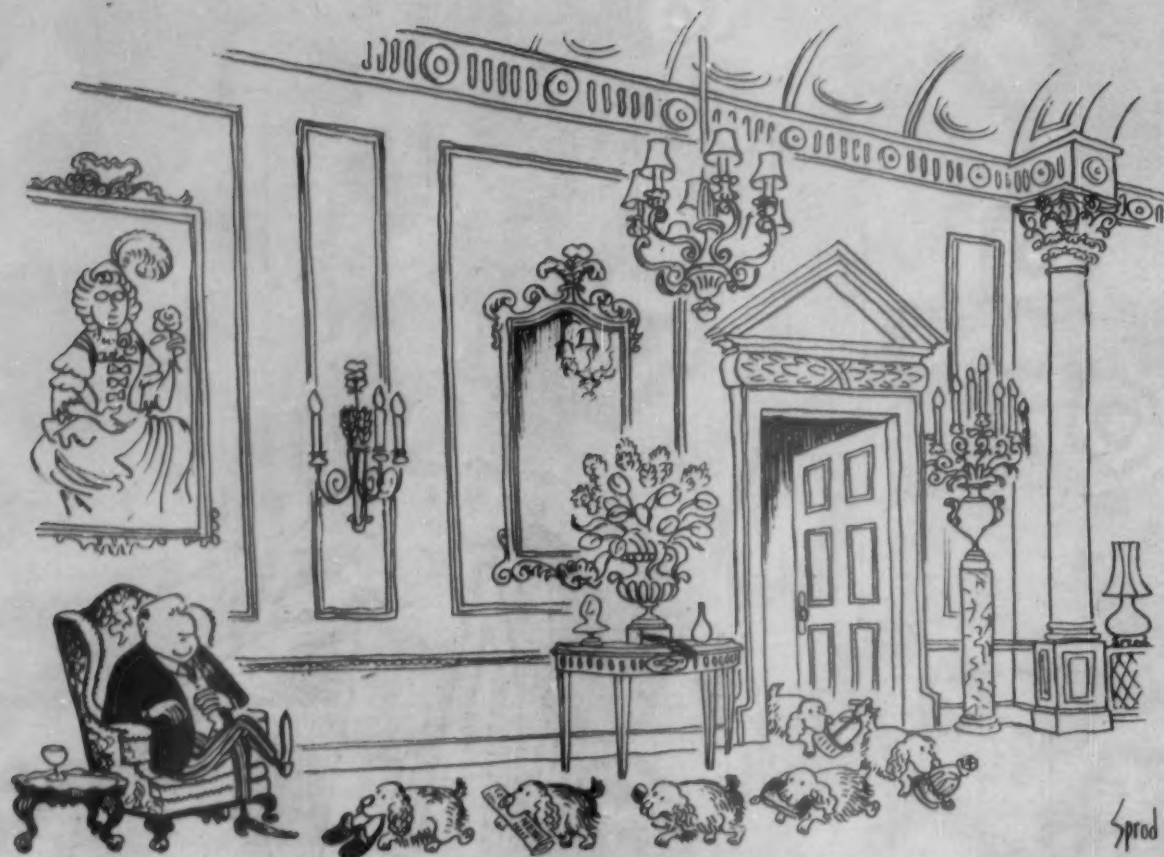
Take, again, the so-called documentary activities of the B.B.C. Quite understandably and legitimately, objection has been taken to television programmes calculated to create the impression that, for instance, our railways are run less efficiently than might be desired. What I suggest is that the B.B.C. should have its own model of the British Railways System, which at no great expense could be kept clean and in good order. Then, whenever the question arises of a programme on British Railways, the model would be available. Models of the other nationalized industries could likewise easily be procured. In fact, as an industry is nationalized it should have a statutory obligation to deposit a model of itself in Broadcasting House in the same way that publishers deposit at the British Museum copies of the books they publish. The monetary saving would be considerable. Instead of cameramen having to go out with their equipment all over the place, everything would be conveniently to hand in the studio, as well as graphs, diagrams and other visual images of the rising prosperity of the nationalized industry in question and of the steadily augmenting public confidence and pride in it.

Why not, for that matter, dispense altogether with the B.B.C. staff and let the public relations officers themselves take charge? After all, they have all the requisite information at their finger tips, and a very little practice would enable them to take the parts of contented railway travellers, alert buffet and restaurant-car attendants, ticket collectors and porters intent only to please and be helpful. No doubt a cheerful waiting-room with a bright fire burning could be set up from existing B.B.C. properties, and it should not be beyond the capacity of a group of public relations officers to sit round the fire and, in the guise of ordinary travellers, make droll or amusing conversation, if possible in cockney or some other dialect. In this way the programme would be enlivened, and viewers and listeners provided with many a hearty laugh.

M. M.



Small Voice from under the Bed: "No, I will *not* come out! I tell you, once and for all, Aneurina, I *will* be Master in my own House!"



I Went to the Camargue

By ANTHONY CARSON

I WAS always trying to get to the Camargue for the gipsy festival in May. It is held at Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, and the Camargue is the flat marshy country formed by the two mouths of the Rhône, south of Arles. Every year the gipsies congregate there for the two days' festival connected with their patron saint, Sarah. The world is becoming so documented and yet so commonplace, obsessed with machinery and slogans, that a gipsies' festival hardly appears credible. To many of us gipsies mean men in red blouses from Hammersmith playing waltzes in tea-shops. I felt I had to see what went on there, who the gipsies were, and what they did.

But it was not easy. Like many people who write for a living, I couldn't afford the fare and expenses. The cost of living in France is fairly high unless

you're lucky (which I turned out to be), especially during festivals. I went to newspaper after newspaper and magazine after magazine, and even tip-toed into the labyrinth of films, but got nowhere. "Not topical, my dear boy . . .", "The Camargue? No one's ever heard of it." People used to refer to me as the man who couldn't go and play with the gipsies. But at last a magazine agreed to send me, and, narrowly catching the train, I waved London good-bye.

The main ceremony took place on May 24, and I arrived in Paris on the 22nd in order to give myself a day's grace. But on that very day the Gare de Lyon, which connects Paris with the South, suddenly decided to go on strike. Only one of the five trains ran at all. However, by an extraordinary stroke of luck, I sat

in the right train at the right time and moved off. Four hours later the train broke down at Dijon. We all piled out of it and into another, but this time I had no seat. Amid scenes of farcical tumult we started off again and arrived at Arles at eight o'clock in the morning.

To get to Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer one takes a tram-like electric train from Arles, composed of two carriages. The journey takes an hour. But it is one of the most dramatic journeys I have ever known. After leaving the town one passes through the lush Provençal countryside, breathing of ample living, mellowed Roman ruins, an earth of sensual poetry, all rounded off with the best cuisine in the world and the richness of Chateauneuf-du-Pape. Tall trees rustle outside the windows, and there are wheatfields pricked with poppy-blood, the purple mountains of

the Alpilles shimmering in the distance. But suddenly the landscape changes. Provence disappears. Enormous horizons appear, the earth is dotted with tamarisks and flecked with salt-marshes. There are a few rice-fields, strange birds in the sky, eagles, egrets, and herons. One could be in the Stone Age. Enormous prehistoric dragon-flies come in through the windows and explore the carriage. Then a stark, fortress-like church appears against the sky line, over a huddle of buildings. Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.

On the first day I was there the little town seemed drowsy, isolated, secretive. The guardian church brooded over it, its doors open to pilgrims and celebrants who contemplated, above the rockery of flowering candles, the magic window from where the offered relics of Mary Jacobé, sister of the Virgin Mary, and Mary Salome would descend to the multitude. Below, in the crypt, the Marys' gipsy maid-servant, Sarah, glowed in a blaze of candle light. I peered at Sarah's robes. They were loaded with trinkets, handkerchiefs, bottles of cheap perfume and photographs of dusky children.

The gipsy caravans were trickling in, mostly from the South. Ramshackle boxes pulled by old, derelict horses, elderly vans, and gleaming, modernistic hotels on wheels. A few gipsies even arrived in gleaming cars. They wore silk shirts with floral patterns, gold bracelets and Miami sunglasses. But you could see they were gipsies. They had a restless, questing look, an uncertain, temporary arrogance. The gipsy advance party were already encamped under the portico of the Town Hall. Wine, garlic, bread, sausages and the whispering fever of a guitar. The square in front of the Town Hall budded with children like Egyptian angels, and women cascaded long earrings and sang Malaguénas. They were back. This was their only home in the world, and the bleak church was their palace.

I went off and looked for a place to live in. After hours of searching I was offered a disused kitchen at a fantastically high price. My landlord was an ex-lighthouse keeper called M. Morier. He and his wife had lived most of their life in lighthouses and they never stopped shouting at each other through inaudible gales. In the middle

of the night I found a scorpion under the bed. In the morning I mentioned it to M. Morier. "There's hundreds of them," he yelled. "They keep down the cockroaches."

The next day was the procession of St. Sarah to the sea. She was carried through a file of gipsies down to the sands, surrounded by thirty thousand tourists with a battery of cameras. It was a strange situation. They were acting as a guard of honour to a race they normally despised, people they referred to as chicken stealers, thieves and vagabonds. With the gipsies went

a guard of honour of Camargue cowboys armed with pikes. Sarah was placed in a boat, towed into the sea and brought back to a thunder of applause. The next day it was the turn of the two Marys. When they were returned to the church they disappeared up into the magic window, and the bells rang and the people shouted through their tears.

Then the crowds left. For their last evening the gipsies danced at the street corners, and the stamping and the clapping trickled into my heart and I danced with them. "Here in the Camargue," one of the gipsies told me,



"That one's my favourite, I think."



"Mrs. Watkinson's husband's given up Lady Barnett for Lent."

"we gipsies from all over the world exchange songs, stories, dances and confidence tricks. It is our university..." Next day the crowds left. The gipsy encampments vanished like smoke and Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer became a quiet sleepy little water-side town. My rent was reduced to almost nothing and I was given huge meals topped with Madame's liqueurs.

The men of the Camargue, I soon learnt, are obsessed by bulls, horses and practical jokes, in that order. The Camargue bulls are never killed, but like old soldiers simply fade away. Some of them achieve immortality, their names perpetuated in folk verse and commemorated in shrines. On one occasion M. Morier took me out to a bullfight at Lunel, where a small, rotund bull unexpectedly cleared the arena five times, and was serenaded by the town band. The horses are white and never completely tamed. They are not really *bad*, in the horse sense of the word, they are simply very much themselves. They also like practical jokes. One day I went out riding at the Mas Cacharelle (a farm house) in the company of a cowboy mounted on a newly broken horse. Mine seemed entirely placid and co-operative. We set out across the unbroken miles of mud, reeds and marshes, monotonous and yet vividly beautiful, which make up

the Camargue, until we came to what appeared to be a lake. We went straight through this, the water coming up to the horses' flanks, and it was necessary to cross one's feet over the saddle. I noticed the cowboy watching me intently all this time, and when we reached the other side of the marsh, I asked him what was the matter. He burst out laughing and said he had been waiting for my horse to sit down in the water. It was one of his favourite tricks. Presently I saw a blur of black animals in the distance. Bulls. We rode up to them. I rode cautiously. "They're perfectly safe," cried the cowboy.

"The Camargue bulls only fight in the bull-ring. They are sportsmen." He spurred his horse, rounded up the herd and got them moving. I had never seen such horsemanship. He had his beast move like lightning. Somewhat sheepishly, I tried to emulate him. I chased a wandering bull out of a thicket and into a marsh. "Don't chase him too hard," shouted the cowboy, "it's the one thing they don't like."

But it was too late. The bull turned and looked at me. And it was at that very moment that the horse remembered its practical joke. It started to sit down in the water.

A Son of the State

*THE one remains, the many change:
and so*

It happened with the veteran Walter Carr,

A solid man and justly popular,

When, thinking all as it had always been,

He caught the three o'clock from Croxley Green,

Blindly assuming it would go as far As where he wished to go.

The train stopped. People left. Something was said

Up in the sounding roof he did not hear:

Only he knew that in his better ear

The State-provided aid would tell him what

The State would have him know. As it did not,

And apathy, like faith, can cast out fear,

He sat uninterested.

Sometimes he thought there might be something wrong;

But then things keep on stopping nowadays.

A life of irremediable delays

Had preconditioned him to timelessness,

Till dislocation hardly caused distress:

Time had been tampered with so many ways,

It seemed no longer long.

So one by one the winking lights went out,
And noises stopped and did not start again;

But once or twice a tremor touched the train

As sentience stirs a sleeper in the night,

Till the long silence and the fading light

Whispered of trouble in his trusting brain,

And bred a germ of doubt,

Which strengthened slowly as the hours passed,

Till from the window he became aware

Of one who moved on some mysterious chare

Lamplit between the lines of sleeping cars,

In the dark hours, under the smokeless stars,

And told him sharply he should not be there,

And got him out at last.

I can but think, when things are as they are,

When in the workings of the Welfare State

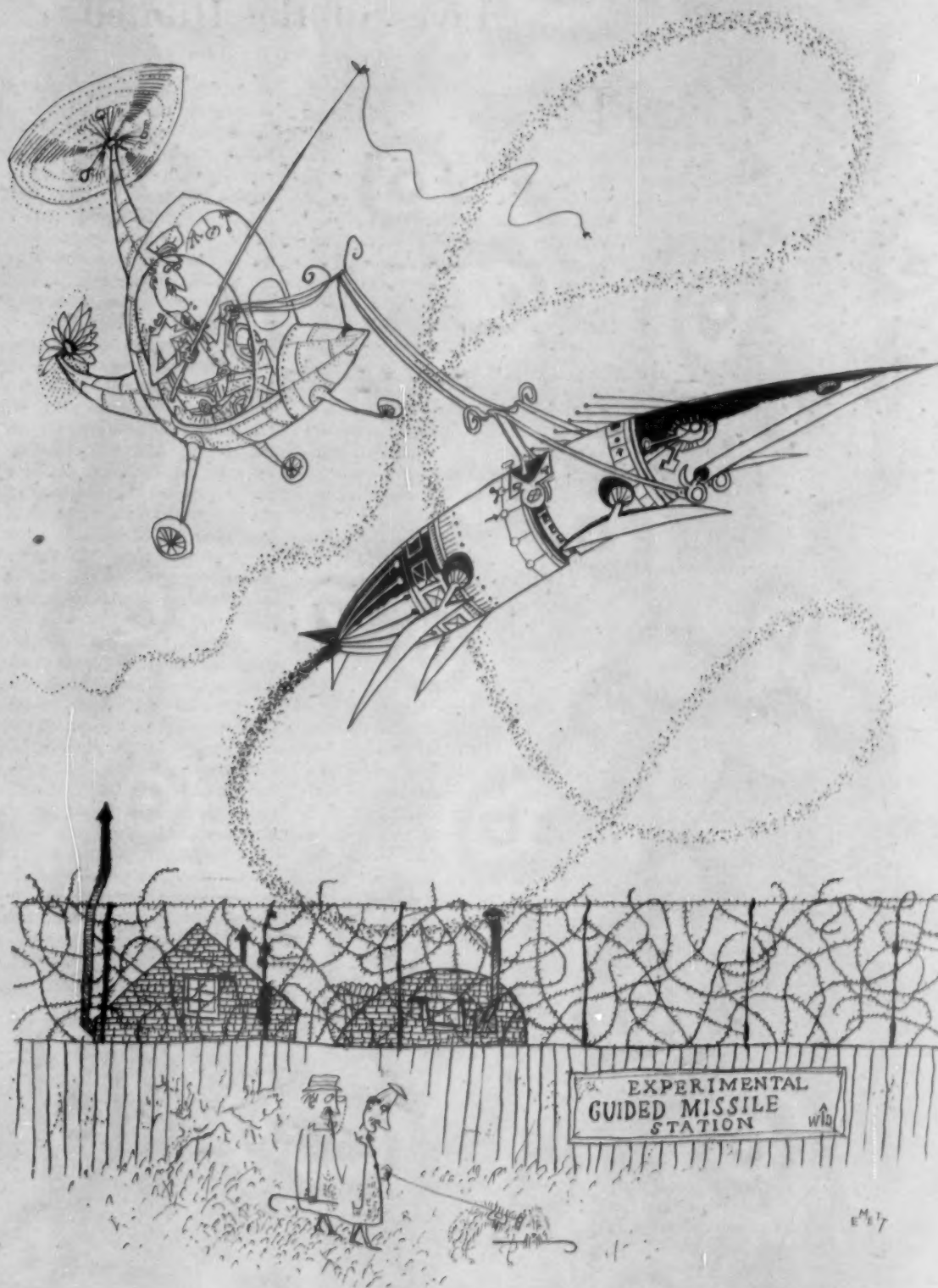
They mainly make it work who sit and wait,

When the whole duty of a man is less To live in action than to acquiesce,

Submission should have met a kinder fate

Than fell to Walter Carr.

P. M. HUBBARD



Lives of the Hunted

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

PEOPLE are always coming up to me in the street and saying "Hullo there, Wodehouse, don't you wish you were a celebrity?" and my invariable reply is "No, Smith or Stokes or Senator McCarthy (if it happens to be Senator McCarthy), I do not." I wouldn't be a celebrity these days to please a favourite aunt.

I say these days, for it is only fairly recently that the kidding of the eminent became our national sport. There was a time when celebrities lived the life of Riley. Everyone looked up to them and respected them. It was the golden age. And then suddenly everything changed. Out like a cloud of mosquitoes came a horde of bright young men with fountain pens and notebooks, tiptoeing after the poor devils and recording their every unguarded speech and quaint mannerism, till to-day you can tell a celebrity at a glance by the nervous way he keeps looking over his shoulder and jumping at sudden noises. Many of them get the illusion that they are being followed about by little men with black beards.

It was an American weekly paper, whose name I have forgotten, that started it all with what it called Profiles. It got the idea that if you tracked down your celebrity, lulled him into a false security with the respectfulness of your demeanour, got him talking and then went home and showed him up as a priceless ass, you could all—except the celebrity—get a good laugh out of it. This paper . . . what is it called? It was on the tip of my tongue a moment ago

. . . No, it's gone . . . "did" Ernest Hemingway the other day. It sent a female reporter to spend an afternoon with him and write down every word he uttered, with of course the jolliest results. Some of his *obiter dicta*, one has to admit, did sound pretty idiotic, but if you put down every word uttered by anyone over a period of several hours you are bound to get an occasional fatuous remark. I myself do not always maintain my usual high level.

And if your celebrity won't make a fool of himself verbally there are always his mannerisms to fall back on. You and I, when we think of Sir Winston Churchill, think of him as the man who has smoked 1,533,405 cigars in sixty years and knows how to build a wall, but to Inspector Walter Henry Thompson of Scotland Yard, author of *Assignment Churchill*, he is just a fellow who hums all the time "like a hive of insects." "A bleak, unsettling thing," says Inspector Thompson, putting him right in his place.

It is getting so nowadays that celebrities are scared of giving anyone so much as a cup of tea. They have known of other celebrities who gave respectful-looking young men cups of tea, and what happened? The guest sat in silent reverence, apparently overcome by the honour of being allowed to watch his host eating crumpets, and six months later out came *My Youth and I*, by Cyril Wapshott (Popgood and Grooly, 16/-), with all that diverting stuff about the great man getting butter on his fingers and wiping it off on his trousers.



I have just been reading a book by Harold Nicolson in which he tells how he felt when dining with Tennyson.

"An aching pause, and in a crisis of embarrassment one would pass into the dining room. It was six-thirty by the clock there; how long could all this be possibly expected to last? The Laureate would begin to carve the boiled beef. A little fluttering conversation from Mrs. Tennyson about Yarmouth pier, a sudden growl from the Laureate 'I like my meat in wedges' and the subject of Yarmouth pier would flutter down to another awful and prolonged silence."

One's sympathies are supposed to be with Sir Harold. Mine are not. Tennyson is the one I am sorry for. Mark that word "would." It shows us that Sir Harold is not describing just one dinner at which he happened by bad luck to be present. He was always there. You couldn't keep him away. Day after day the good grey poet (if he was a good grey poet, I can never remember which of them were) would be starting in to get his and he would look up and there would be Harold Nicolson, back again in the old chair with the same pop-eyed expression on his face, so obviously waiting for him to say something silly that one cannot wonder that he went into a prolonged silence. Let me tell you, boys, that it is a most unpleasant thing, when you want to be alone with your boiled beef, to look up and see Harold Nicolson, knowing that he is just counting the minutes till you provide an amusing paragraph for his memoirs by putting too much mustard over the boiled beef or choking on a potato.

To all you young men who are reading this fascinating little piece of mine—



millions, no doubt—I would say Lay off those celebrities. Play the game, you cads, and stop chivvying them like this. Reflect that you may be one yourself at any moment. Bear in mind the story of the mother who was walking with her child in Hollywood Boulevard when a number of men in make-up came along. "Look, mamma," the child said. "Movie actors!" "Hush, dear," said the mother. "You never know what you may come to some day."

You can see now why I am glad that I am not a celebrity. The other day I lunched with a young fellow who was passing through New York with letters of introduction and in the course of the meal I got hiccoughs and had to be slapped on the back by a waiter. I could see my guest looking at me speculatively, and I knew what was in his mind. He was thinking with regret that here was the perfect celebrity stuff, and all wasted because I was not a celebrity.

"If only it had been J. B. Priestley!" he was saying to himself. "What a scoop for my book of reminiscences!"

There are compensations in being just one of the canaille.



THIS ENGLAND

No prizes are awarded

To be really neutralist, perhaps we should have Norfolk, for example, scattered with alternate American and Russian camps, instead of American ones only. Both would behave mildly badly and be rather unpopular, except with the local tarts; but both would contain delightful individuals. The Americans would distribute Comics, the Russians Marxist pamphlets: neither would have a very wide influence.—*The New Statesman and Nation*.

Unless some completely novel factor intervenes, the next election will be won by that party machine which, in addition to its solid 45 per cent of the voters, can deliver the marginal percentage needed to shift the balance at Westminster.—*The New Statesman and Nation*

Physical cruelty apart, I am amused (and not all that much shocked) by the persistence and crudity of the Chinese attempts to indoctrinate their prisoners. Did not, after all, the South Koreans and Americans pursue a similar objective in their camps—with a success which almost frustrated the armistice agreement? The fact is that in modern ideological war the soul of the prisoner is inevitably a military objective.—*The New Statesman and Nation*

Other countries take some trouble to foster local products which are really distinctive and a contribution to the world. In other countries, too, the *vin du pays* is somewhat cheaper in its place of origin: this too should not be beyond the undoubtedly clever brains of the Excise department. What is wanted is the will to help.—*The New Statesman and Nation*

A little more care—and consultation—in handling the re-engagement of the dismissed men could have avoided the unfounded suspicion that B.E.A. were seeking to eliminate shop stewards. As it is, that suspicion exists and will linger.—*The New Statesman and Nation*

The older readers of *The New Statesman* are unlikely to want much guidance for holidays in the more familiar tourist countries of Europe. France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain—and even Portugal and Yugoslavia—are well-trodden ground... —*The New Statesman and Nation*

Retribution

By ROY BRADFORD

ALL my life I have liked cream distemper. It has always seemed to me the ideal way to cover a wall. Functionally, aesthetically, I have found it completely satisfying. Then I read a glossy magazine which offered gracious living and adventurous décor to everyone. That was two months ago. Now, that corner of the living-room reserved—nay, I liked to think dedicated—to the pleasures of the table has been stripped of its homely cream and is enclosed by two beetling grey walls of Cotswold stone. This unconventional note, the inspiration of a brilliant young Polish designer, now resident in this country, provides just that harsh indigenuous foil for which our collection of indoor plants cries out.

It worked all right when we had just one rubber plant standing in the corner like a lone Kikuyu in the main street of Stow-on-the-Wold. But the dog became too attached to the rubber plant so we moved it up to the shelf where we keep the salts and vinegar. To the layman the interaction between ordinary malt vinegar and the leaf of an indiarubber plant is frightening. Purple radio-active ulcers erupt all over the unfortunate flora. In what I take to be the tertiary stage these congeal into a fluffy noisome culture not unworthy of the attention of an Alexander Fleming.

So I got my little man to extend the shelf, and to fill the extra space I acquired two philodendrons. These are fast-growing succulents recommended by a

brilliant young Scandinavian designer who has also made his home in this country. Their great advantage is their resistance to vinegar, and now that we have had the Continental-type stove installed to keep the room at the temperature they like they have made truly marvellous progress. In fact they have encroached so far over the dining table with their lettuce-like fronds that for us salad these days is largely philodendron. And a very useful vegetable it is. We have given up the bayleaf altogether ever since a chance sliver of philodendron in the bouquet garni improved a stew out of recognition. The flavour is not so subtle as tabasco but very much more pungent. Of course our original bank of modest greenery has been added to considerably. Friends soon get to know of one's little hobbies and now hardly a day passes without the postman bearing to the door some unusual potted growth.

The sociological impact of the philodendron is considerable. Fractiousness at the breakfast table has entirely disappeared since everyone is completely embowered in his own private jungle. This adds a spice to entertaining too. Guests really feel they know each other by the time they've hacked a conversational conduit through the intervening tangle of foliage. A brilliant young Brazilian designer has invented special knives for this very purpose. These, it appears, will shortly be on sale, and not a moment too soon.

Frankly I'm beginning to get a little uneasy about the rate of growth of my indoor arboretum. There's a Mesozoic luxuriance about the whole thing. The wallpaper of Cotswold stone has long ago been as irretrievably buried as the temples of Chichen Itza. I'm afraid the jobbing gardener is rather too good at his job. To keep the humidity just right he's rigged up an ingenious spray. This is supplied by a hose which runs from the kitchen tap, through the scullery, along the hall and over the coat-rack into the living room. Such a system is obviously necessary and even desirable. Anyway, since the lights have been strangled by the tendrils of a Rhoicissus Rhomboidea which grew seven yards in three days, the hose makes a wonderful guide-rope after dark. Luckily the mulching pit for the younger plants just fits the dining table: we gave up eating there weeks ago. The rest of the family were the first to leave. I hung on until a friend sent us a snake-looking creeper from Nigeria. It turned out to be a carnivore. It hadn't been in the house a day before it was bagging the bacon and eggs off my plate. That sort of thing is apt to make a man a little edgy, especially when he's spent three hours the night before searching, yes, searching, for his only child in what was once a dining-room.

The child too seems somehow different. One senses a subtle biological change. This incredible agility. This deepening reluctance to leave the higher branches. One wonders if it's normal in a child of his years. As I write the green tide is lapping at the door of my bedroom. At times one cannot prevent an unworthy note of hysteria creeping into one's life. At the back of my mind I keep hearing a phrase which with each repetition grows more and more prophetic: "The force that through the green fuse drives the sap . . . is my destroyer."

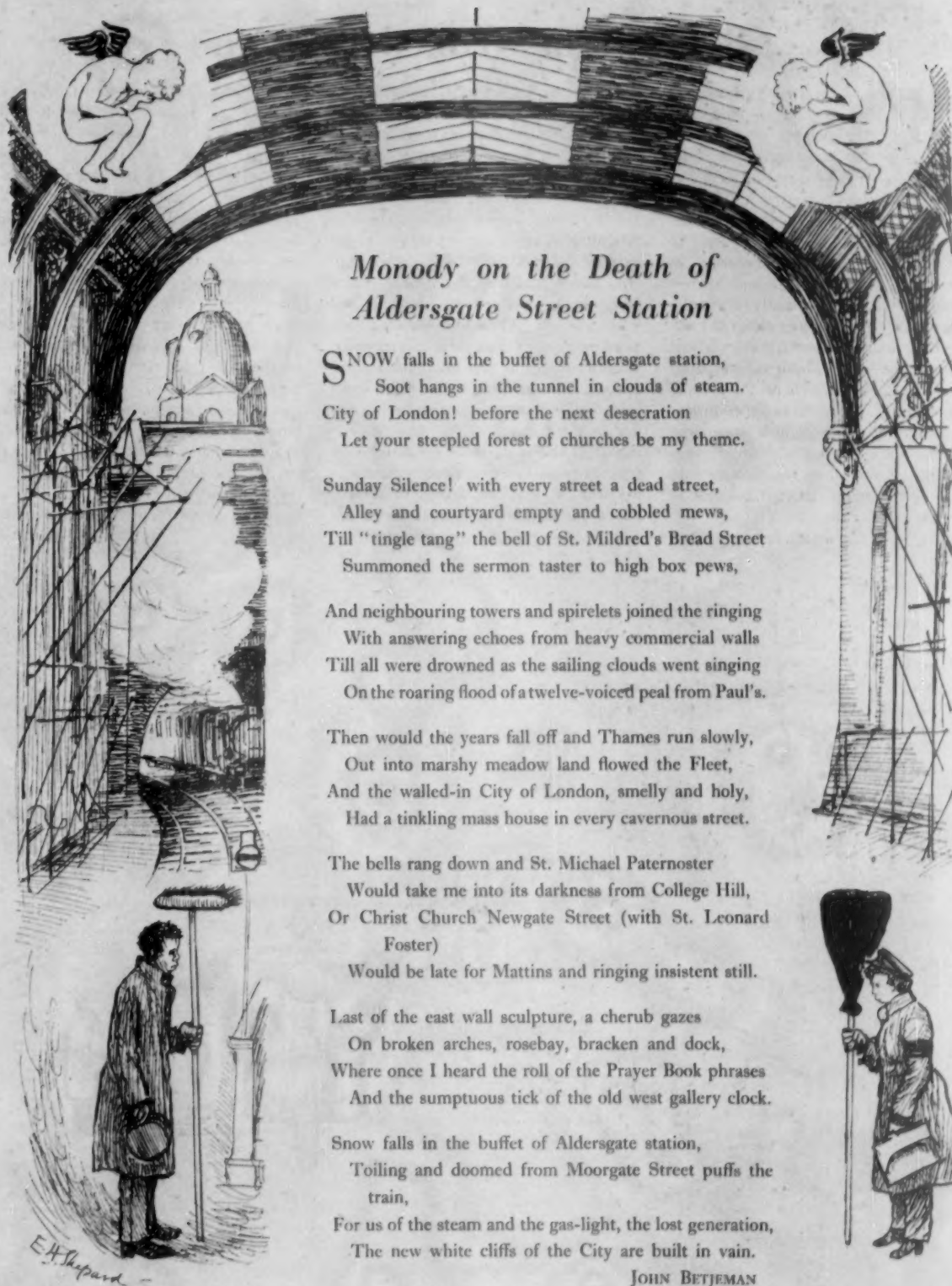
"Mr. Malenkov has proved to be a bulky man of straw, whose colleagues have been engaged for many a month in greasing the bolts of the trap they sprung on him . . ."

Financial Times

No wonder he stuck half-way.



"It would look better if we changed places."



Monody on the Death of Aldersgate Street Station

SNOW falls in the buffet of Aldersgate station,
Soot hangs in the tunnel in clouds of steam.
City of London! before the next desecration
Let your steeped forest of churches be my theme.

Sunday Silence! with every street a dead street,
Alley and courtyard empty and cobbled mews,
Till "tingle tang" the bell of St. Mildred's Bread Street
Summoned the sermon taster to high box pews,

And neighbouring towers and spirelets joined the ringing
With answering echoes from heavy commercial walls
Till all were drowned as the sailing clouds went singing
On the roaring flood of a twelve-voiced peal from Paul's.

Then would the years fall off and Thames run slowly,
Out into marshy meadow land flowed the Fleet,
And the walled-in City of London, smelly and holy,
Had a tinkling mass house in every cavernous street.

The bells rang down and St. Michael Paternoster
Would take me into its darkness from College Hill,
Or Christ Church Newgate Street (with St. Leonard
Foster)

Would be late for Mattins and ringing insistent still.

Last of the east wall sculpture, a cherub gazes
On broken arches, rosebay, bracken and dock,
Where once I heard the roll of the Prayer Book phrases
And the sumptuous tick of the old west gallery clock.

Snow falls in the buffet of Aldersgate station,
Toiling and doomed from Moorgate Street puffs the
train,

For us of the steam and the gas-light, the lost generation,
The new white cliffs of the City are built in vain.

JOHN BETJEMAN

Saga in the Suburbs

Behind the Ironed Curtain



WE have been waiting for the house so long that when there is a rumour that the Council is about to de-requisition it I am able to regard it with the equanimity of total disbelief. When it comes in writing this turns temporarily to hysterical joy. A roof of our own—furniture we have actually chosen—somewhere where the children can entertain themselves and friends without ceaseless reminders about dilapidations clauses and the nerves of the people downstairs . . . Space to swing countless cats indoors and innumerable hammocks and climbing ropes out . . . No blanketing soot nor swaddling smog to corrode health, complexion, or curtains. It is too good to be true.

When I actually see the house, so long

an ideal cradled tenderly in sentimental memory, reaction sets in. Four families have been closeted there together since 1940, yet, smeared with the waist-high chocolate-brown so dear to Councils, it looks neither so large nor so impressive as I had remembered. There is coal-dust in every cupboard, and in the pocked and raddled garden, dotted with iron hoops and battered babies' baths, trees have mysteriously moved and paths shifted. The space where I have been telling the children there is room for badminton seems too small for tiddly-winks. Roof or no roof, the place looks undeniably semi-detached and suburban and it scares me.

For in the years since we came back from Foreign Parts we have been marking time in a dream world of abodes above our station. Circumstances—the fact that no professional furnished-flat

letter in his senses lets in a family with three children, and that therefore we were limited to amateurs going to America to see their wives, to Majorca to make a film, to Jamaica to write a book—have combined to park us in impressive postal districts. Our Chelsea house, streamlined, dazzlingly painted and window-boxed, a workman's cottage eviscerated to suit a couple with a can-opener, was definitely "amusing." I never got on visiting terms with the girl opposite who gave parties in and out of the street till the small hours, nor with the one who, on gin and tonic, could imitate the barks of five different kinds of rabid dog, nor with the one whose husband used to lock her out of the house o' nights to beat tragically on the door crying "Nigell! Nigell!" But secretly I found them fascinatingly part of the great Metropolis—like the



"How should I know whether he saluted or not?"

Kensington flat with off-white fitted carpets and crystal chandeliers the year after, or the mansion flat just off Oxford Street. That was really *haute monde*. Down its plushy silent corridors padded girls in pencil skirts and mink, and supercilious poodles, and gorgeous men with soothing Wykehamist voices, and a monumental lift man who called us Sir and Madam even when he was passing on complaints about the children's noise. There was something admirable about that dwelling's glacial unfriendliness—the cold fish-like stares, the imperiously impersonal voices as unabsorptive of one's personality as psychiatrists or policemen or the walls of broadcasting studios. It all seemed superbly *correct*—to leave it for Suburbia...

But my husband denied that it was Suburbia. People came into the town at 8.30, as well as leaving it—it was a Saturday shopping centre with a *hinterland*—it had a cattle market, and the notices outside stationers' windows advertised Rhode Island pullets and Aylesbury ducks as well as babies' cots and mahogany chests of drawers. It was a country town which just happened to have Tubes and trolley buses. He went on and on, so in the end, touched to the heart by the liftman, who unbent as we left and asked us to post his Pools, we moved.

Protected by the anaesthesia of unpacking, goading tardy decorators, finding schools and "dailies," and realizing that living in furnished accommodation for years denies one ownership of so much as a poker or a soap dish, I go on kidding myself. But when things settle down I have to face it. Here I am, isolated in a Victorian semi, faced with beige pebble-dash, with yards of unkempt privet hedge, a lot of huge square inadequately-furnished rooms, no distinction and no contact with the outside world. Across the road and on both sides similar households crouch behind impenetrable net curtains. Nobody is going to talk to me for years and years. Nobody is even going to see me behind my net curtains. To begin with, before they realized we were really here, passers-by used to peer in to look at the wallpapers—now they recognize occupation by withdrawing and ignoring our existence. We are so private that we long for the moan of the ascending lift which might bear a visitor—for the icy good mornings of the mansion dwellers



—for cave-man Nigel and the barking girl—for anything to break the silence of a wide avenue whose inhabitants charge down in droves at 8 a.m. and back again at 6, and between those hours do not exist at all.

Then suddenly the ice begins to break. Hacking desperately one evening at the sleeping beauty privet which walls us in, I receive a kind smile from a passing bowler hat—a gentle comment that hedges are millstones round the neck and difficult to get straight along the top—that that garden hasn't been touched for ten years, to his knowledge—that he doesn't envy anyone getting it right again—that if we want to borrow any tools for the task all we have to do is ask. Obviously some grapevine has whispered that we are human, for ladies in gardening gloves begin to leave bundles of strange roots for the garden. And invitations to whist drives with Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists surge through the letter-box—we are urged to see films about Soviet Russia, attend lectures at the Townswomen's Guild—to protest against the hydrogen

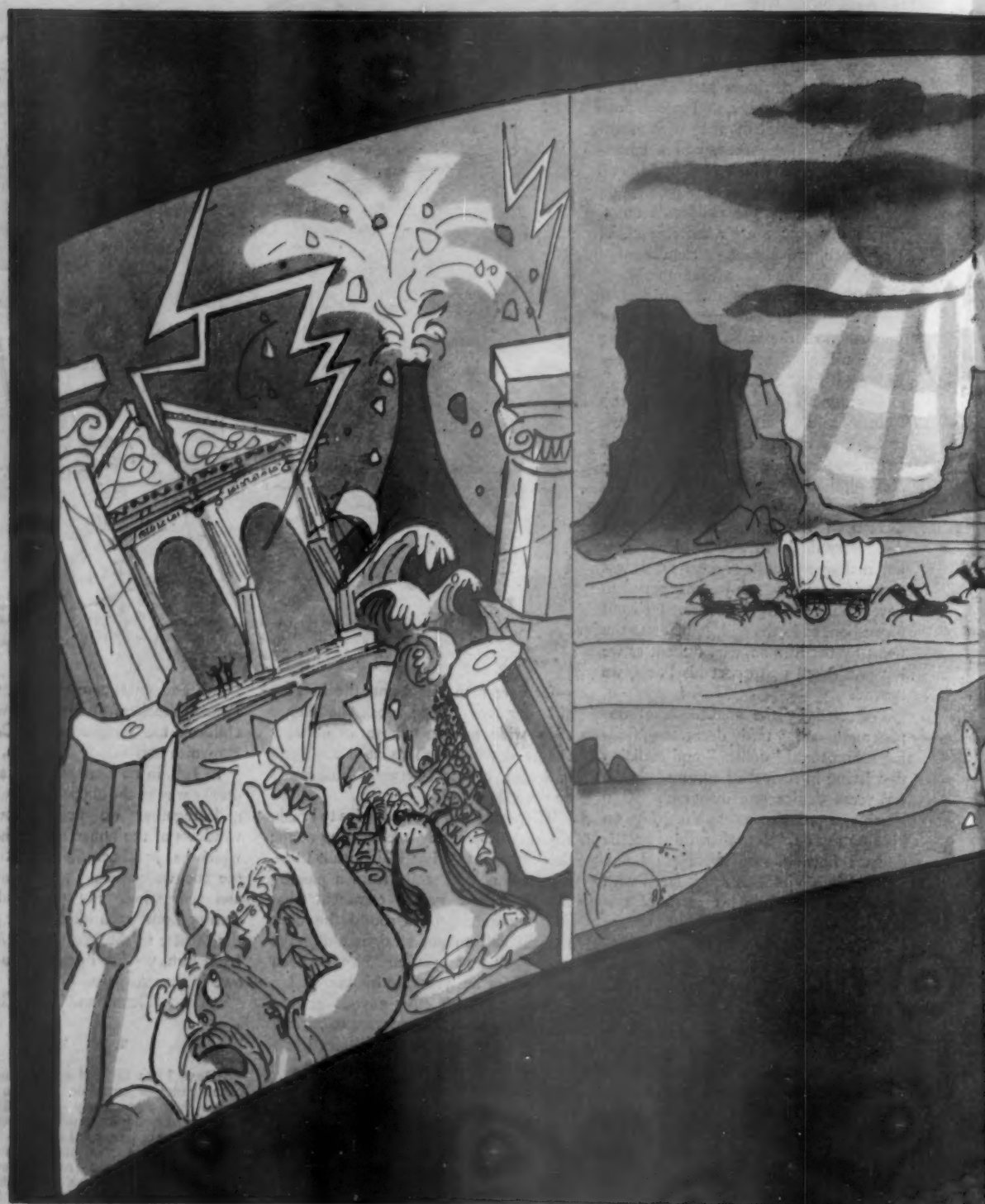
bomb and go square dancing with the Parent-Teachers' Association, while our children are tempted with Cubs and Brownies and Sunday Schools.

In fact in no time at all I am hailed on my way to the shops by a neighbour, and together we peer through the windows of the house round the corner which has just been de-requisitioned, to see the wallpapers. And I am quite annoyed when my husband keeps coming home with ideas about going to the theatre in the West End. After all, I tell him, we *live* in this place—we do owe it some responsibility.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON

"DEAR MISS D.: I am a window and recently met an agreeable man who has been a great help around my house. He comes over almost every weekend and does repairs, painting and other work I can't do. The last time I saw him I asked him if he would like to share the house as my husband. He seemed surprised and said he didn't know what to answer. He left, and a few days later wrote saying the difference in our ages is too great."—Letter to an advice column

Saw through you, dear.





P. P. Jones

cinemascope, gentlemen!"

Maunderings in Calcutta Cup Week

By H. F. ELLIS

THERE has only been one season, before this one, in which France beat England at Twickenham, and in that year (it was 1951) they went on to beat Wales in Paris. If the omen proves accurate—as seems highly probable—France will emerge with four clear wins, undisputed champions for the first time of the international Rugby Football championship.

That in itself would make this a notable year. But quite apart from such a desirable conclusion there has been much to make this a remarkable, not to say curious, season. Right back in August, before even the keenest player in this country had hauled his boots

from the locker, came the news that Swansea, on a goodwill missionary tour in Rumania, had been beaten by a team called, if memory serves, Bucharest Locomotives, a club that up till then had not been highly rated in South Wales. This result caused laughter in Cardiff and Newport, but only moderate hilarity in Swansea itself. Then, for spectators nearer home, came the unfamiliar experience of games in the vast, untenanted bowl of the White City, with uniformed attendants ferreting for the ball under the electric-hare track, and the even more astonishing event of a floodlit game between the Harlequins and Cardiff. The new laws,

too, were having their first try-out, and to the stupefaction of critics proved to be on the whole extremely beneficial and to result in a much more open type of play. Blackheath won some of their matches—and one way and another the season was so full of surprises that even the dull normality of the University match was seen as only a temporary set-back.

In the international field the note of peculiarity has been equally marked. Scotland faced the challenge of sixteen consecutive defeats with a clarion call to their clubs to eschew the heresy of 3-4-1 packing and cling firmly to the ancient virtues of 3-2-3. (The equivalent in cricketing terms would be for the Australians to attempt to stage a revival by means of a wholesale issue of curved bats.) They lost comfortably to France, and then, admirably and inexplicably, defeated Wales and Ireland. Ireland recalled the old warrior Kyle from his tent, chose him again after a moderate display against France, and then dropped him after he had given from all accounts his best display for years against England. For Wales, Ken Jones received a pass in his thirty-seventh international, and dropped it in pardonable astonishment; while England, with what is generally agreed to be the most brilliant attacking back-division for years, have been putting up a game struggle for the wooden spoon. All in all, there has been a fine lunacy about the season so far.

If Scotland sustain their bewildering, and extremely satisfactory, revival and win at Twickenham this Saturday, who can tell what the consequences will be? An outcry for a return by all hands to 3-2-3 scrumming and the traditional glories of close dribbling and the wheel? Certainly. From every quarter the reactionaries, emboldened by the news and made savage by the long years of frustration, will creep from their caves, loudly demanding the ostracism of wing forwards and the re-introduction of hacking. It will not surprise me at all to see field-goals advocated in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, and an agitation for the abolition of that curse of the modern game, the referee.

Nowhere, I suppose, will a demand for the reinstatement of the 3-2-3 formation be regarded with more satisfaction

"He won't lift a finger
about the house."



than in South Africa, where we are due to send a team this coming June. It is impossible to convey the baffled incomprehension with which South Africans greet any attempt to lure them into argument about the respective merits of 3-2-3 and 3-4-1 packing. They have heard of 3-2-3, of course, as something that used to go on in the dark ages, perhaps when teams were twenty-a-side, but as a practical method of playing Rugby football they just cannot bring their minds to bear on the thing. Such at least was the attitude of those immense Springbok forwards who were over here in 1952, and it is hard to believe that they can have experienced some divine revelation in the intervening years.

But you never know. Who, after all, vaguely considering possible names for the touring team at the start of the season, would have credited Scotland with more than a charitable two or three? Swan? Elgie? Perhaps a solitary forward? And look at the situation now. One imagines that the selectors, scratching their heads in despair over the performances so far of England, Wales and Ireland, will turn with relief to Scotland and pick their team *en bloc*—with a solemn undertaking, if need be, not to call upon any Scotsman to involve himself in the disgrace of a four-man second row. It is all extremely confusing and difficult.

The purpose of this article, now I come to think of it, was to make some mention of *The History of the Rugby Football Union*, by O. L. Owen, published at the end of last month by Playfair Books Ltd., at 18s. It is a good book—not perfect but good—with a particularly interesting account of the origins and early history of the game, masses of information, and some excellent photographs. Particularly fascinating, for anyone who occasionally gets tired of hearing how gentlemanly and well conducted the game used to be in the old days, is the remark made by a famous headmaster of Loretto, who umpired the first England-Scotland match and insisted on allowing a Scottish try although the Englishmen "stoutly contested its legality." "When an umpire is in doubt," Mr. Almond explained afterwards, "I think he is justified in deciding against the side which makes the most noise. They are probably in the wrong."

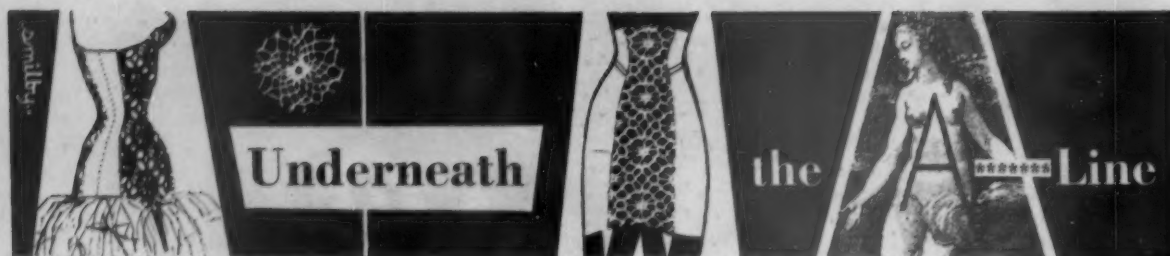
The Academician



JEAN, Diaghilev said (so the legend runs), *étonne-moi!*
Cocteau, the *enfant terrible*, leapt at the chance and devised
"Parade," which was novel enough, and later "Le Boeuf sur le Toit."
History doesn't record if the Maestro was duly surprised.

But the formula brought success, as Cocteau was quick to see;
Epater le bourgeois might prove the key to Olympus's portal.
Yet in all of a lifetime devoted to shocking the bourgeoisie
He never surprised them so much as when he became an Immortal.

B. A. Y.



THE contemporary corset has to be seen to be believed; and that it shall be seen is the earnest intention of the promoters of National Corset Week, which is now in full swing. This fascinating fixture includes shop-window displays in every town; and it is unlikely that these will be passed by with averted eyes. For the art and craft of corsetry has reached its finest flowering in the new materials of to-day; and there is, in addition, the fresh interest in the feminine silhouette evoked by Christian Dior's A-line—the most significant cipher since the S-curve of the Edwardian Gibson Girl. Even the professedly unconcerned must be aware that what goes on underneath the A-line is of fundamental importance.

National Corset Week was inaugurated at a luncheon in London, after which a panel of experts, indispensable feature of modern life, invited pertinent questions from the Press. The impertinent questions had all been dealt with at cocktail time. This corsetry

panel was two-thirds male, one-third female, which probably roughly represents the distribution of the sexes in the industry. For corsetry is a virile trade. At the point of sale, it is true, 'all is feminine—the assistants at the counter, the fitters in the fitting-rooms, the sympathetic understanding of problem figures. But the creative designers, the boys in the back-room, are as predominantly male as the administrative tycoons.

The coquetry of corsetry, indeed, lies only in its language. Euphemistic and coy, at the slightest danger it scurries into French. And not always into the right French. The garment which was called up to reinforce the camisole during the first world war was at first named bust bodice. But soon it was elegantly re-named brassière. Brassière is not a synonym in France for the *soutien-gorge*. Prudery in nomenclature, however, is not only an Anglo-Saxon obsession. The French do the same thing in reverse. We read in the Gallic

glossies of a 1955 creation called FLAT-VAMP. A somewhat different interpretation of this year's line is described as *Le tirage BUSTY-LOOK*, and there is also the *soutien-gorge VERY SECRET, gonflable à volonté*, with which one can, in the strict translation, augment the volume of one's chest. We await a revival of the enchanting name of Gay Deceivers, or of the earlier English Zones of Beauty, which in 1830 were advertised as "designed to dispense with the necessity of lemon bosoms and other means of creating fictitious charms." Let us be grateful that we live in modern times when the answer is sweeter than a lemon, and we can all be *gonflables à volonté*.

This is perhaps perplexing to those who have deduced from the Paris reports that the tendency this year is not inflationary but deflationary, that Dior has flattened the figure. He has certainly smoothed the contours, but it is not the flattening down of the 'twenties. It is a moulding up. This is neither an unbecoming, nor an unromantic line. It is true that poets are generally believed to favour a sweet disorder in the dress; but then anthologies are shamelessly Herrick-prone, and seldom give fair representation to those romantics who found restrained elegance more delicious; such as Matthew Prior:

*No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.*

How perfectly those last two lines describe the A-line! Indeed, the last two words alone are the absolute and final summing-up.

Beautifully less! The ideal is now achieved with a caress of nylon, latex, and lace; without tears or torture, bones or busks. Less than a century ago girls at an English boarding school were sealed into their stays by their mistress, who only released them for an hour on Saturday nights "for purposes of



Eric Burgin

ablution." It was said that they suffered no hardship beyond an occasional fainting fit, and it was claimed that a waist of 23 inches at the age of fifteen years could by this means be reduced in two years to 13 inches. In France girls not only suffered in order to be beautiful, they also died. The fashion magazine *Le Follet* recounted in 1859 how a young society woman's excessively small waist incited admiration and envy at a ball. Two days later she was dead, her liver pierced by three of her ribs.

Yet, just as the victims' faces were masked with smiles, so were the instruments of their torture disguised by embroidery, lace, and rosettes. Colourful and provocative as are the modern manifestations of the corset, we have nothing to show more mischievous than the corsets of the nineteenth century, some of which are now collectors' pieces. For instance, an evening corset in apricot and peacock satin; another of black coutil with petunia pink embellishments; yet another black creation embroidered with flowers and threaded with yellow ribbon. A summer corset of 1895 in *café-au-lait* coutil with pink stitching is in truth the same colour as to-day's most fashionable mink shade. This colour appeared frequently at a recent display of French corsets given in London by the *Fédération Nationale des Industries du Corset*.

A posse, or posy, of French mannequins came over to show these models. What a merry nightmare! A nightmare because the sight of these girls tripping about in their corsets in an hotel ball-room is the kind of thing one dreams about with a personal involvement; merry because the mannequins themselves were merry. Very young, very mignon, they appeared to be enjoying themselves, which is a rare accomplishment for model girls. Enjoyment is contagious, and the *entente* waxed increasingly *cordiale*. As a result it is likely we shall see a great many French corsets in English shops this spring.

The thing to look for is the *bustier*—a deep and waisted *brassière* which embraces ribs and hip-bones. This gives the 1955 line under dresses with the long tunic bodice and beltless waist. The straight look to the bodice top is achieved by prettily fashioned, prettily phrased, *bonnets en forme de nid d'hirondelle*. Shoulder-straps are set far

apart, right at the extreme of the shoulder, which gives the new "apple-round" contour; and these shoulder-straps are convenient under boat-shaped or square *décolletées*. All-in-one garments work more wonders with heavy figures than bustier and separate girdle; and these *combinés*, far from being hot and heavy, are light and airy. One model, in nylon and the new Helanca yarn, is so gossamer that it rolls up as small as a pair of stockings. Such garments are less corsets than fitted lingerie.

Colours are black, white, mink, and blue. There is no pink—not in Paris. For more than thirty years pink has been the accepted corset colour. The pair of stays flourished in pantomime by Widow Twankey, pink as the string of sausages in her other hand, are the epitome of all the stays of yesteryear—and all the belts and *brassières* too.

Pink for Glasgow, Bristol, Bournemouth—black was for Shaftesbury Avenue only. But fashion moves in circles. When mink and black are grown provincial the newest, naughtiest colour will, of course, be pink. Although, why not mauve?

Ah! Possibility in pink,
Ah! Mystery in mauve,
Behold me trembling on the brink!
Ah! Possibility in pink,
Can you be all I dare to think,
Or is that other treasure trove?
Ah! Possibility in pink,
Ah! Mystery in mauve.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

"When they went to Sheffield there was interference in every possible aspect of married life, including the cooking and upbringing of one of their sons, Bruce."

Evening News

Tasty with spiders.



"And if they stagger hours, darling, we may never ever see each other again."



Denat and Renat

THE section of the Stock Market shadowed by the largest of super-imposed question-marks is that listing steel shares. Some authorities consider it even more speculative at the moment than the sections devoted to "O.F.S." and other uranic equities.

We have reached the stage where some sixty per cent of a nationalized steel industry has been sold back into private ownership, and we are now faced with the certainty of a General Election—within eighteen months—and the possibility of the resumption of power by a political party committed to renationalization. So the degree of speculation involved in steel shares depends on one's estimate of the Socialists' chance at the polls.

My own view is that steel shares offer very bright prospects. At the moment the next election seems anybody's game: the real economic progress achieved under this Conservative Government and the resultant widespread feeling of physical well-being and security will count for much less than the City supposes when the electoral pendulum begins its counter-swing. And though voters may take no notice of a rise in Bank Rate they may well ask for a change in the Government's attitude to rising prices and monopolies. But a Socialist victory would not necessarily mean renationalization. In 1951, when the Left warned the country of its intentions, the decision to restore public ownership "at some future date" was unanimous; yet in 1950 there were many good Socialists who declared themselves either disillusioned about nationalization or unhappy about its pre-emptive rôle in the Party's programme, and there were many more who thought it tactful to refrain from any public avowal of their disillusionment or unhappiness. By 1956 the country may be so tired of the whole business that the five-year-old threats and blueprints will be quietly and sensibly pigeon-holed. There is just a chance.

It seems likely that share prices generally will now reflect yield and potential yield far more faithfully than during the past year of boom and



bullism. And since the current yield of steel shares is nearly one per cent higher on average than that of all industrial Ordinaries there is clearly room for considerable capital appreciation. A purchase of steel shares now followed by a Conservative victory in the autumn would prove a decidedly bonny investment.

Taking the pessimistic line and postulating the return of doctrinaire Socialism we can opine that the surrender value of the shares would be at or very near their re-issue price—a small sacrifice, perhaps, compared with that which would be exacted from equity-holders in general under a limitation-of-dividends policy.

The demand for steel increases

The New Squire

AN old house contains the history of England within its walls. Take Meddon Hall for instance. It was originally built as an ordinary farmhouse some time during the fourteenth century. The big open fireplace with the cloam ovens still on either side dates from that period. Later the farm became the Manor House. The East Wing was added, and the nearest paddock was taken in to the kitchen garden. The owners, keeping large flocks of sheep on Exmoor, must have prospered, for several additions date from the sixteenth century. A wealthy marriage and a minor appointment at the Stuart court gave the house several touches of luxury, which were spoilt when the owner remained loyal at the Battle of Stratton and the Hall was occupied by Cromwellian soldiers.

Like many families, after the Restoration they learned to trim, and the Hall prospered in proportion with their agility in changing their opinions, or in keeping them to themselves. Adam ceilings were added, Grinling Gibbons decorated the porch, and Capability Brown created the park by enclosing the surrounding meadows and damming the stream to produce the usual cascade and fishpond. That was England at its



rapidly with the public's omnivorous appetite for cars, domestic gadgets ("consumer durables"), steel-framed buildings and the sinews of peaceful co-existence. Last year the ingot tonnage produced was eighteen and a half million, and during the next three years output is scheduled to rise by four million tons. As a key product at both producer and consumer ends of the industrial chain, steel is now adequately bolstered against recessions and short-period depressions. In fact it has the makings of a pretty gilt-edged security. If only...

Take a risk and take your pick. Mine would be Dorman Long, Stewarts and Lloyds, Whitehead and United Steel. But I'm merely using a pin.

MAMMON



zenith. The nineteenth century added nothing but a clump of esparto grass and a few oriental shrubs brought back from India by younger sons.

The vinery was allowed to collapse after the first world war. In the 'thirties the owner turned the stables into the village garage. Two deaths within a few years during the 'forties saw the guttering fall into the Chancellor's pocket, and the family emigrated to Kenya. The house was put up for sale. It has remained empty for five years. An energetic agent tried first to sell it as an hotel, but the bedrooms were too large, the bathrooms too few. Next it was advertised as a school, but the cost of repairing the roof and maintaining the drainage prevented a sale. The price was lowered. The park was let to a neighbouring farmer. Photographs appeared in *Country Life*, calling it a modest country residence. But no one was tempted to live at the Hall.

Then to our surprise we learned a month ago that someone had come down from London and bought it. The pub foresaw better business; the vicar dreamed of larger subscriptions; gardeners sharpened their spades, and I resigned myself to returning the wheelbarrow.

Our suspicions were aroused when we saw that the owner wore a choker and drove a lorry. He calls his purchase a "snip," and boasts that it would have cost him five times as much to build a place to hold as many units. The Adam ceilings look slightly incongruous above the thousands of batteries of laying hens. It seems the history of England scrambles into an omelet.

RONALD DUNCAN



Monday, March 7

Six Members had questions down suggesting to the Attorney-General that it might be a good thing to prosecute for treason the four individuals revealed in the Ministry of Defence paper on the treatment of British prisoners in Korea as having visited P.O.W. camps in the Communist interest. 'Sir REGINALD MANNINGHAM-BULLER, with typical legal

House of Commons:
Treason!



Mr. Fred Bellenger, the least expert military expert since Lord George Germain.

caution, thought it would be hard to establish a case against Mrs. Felton or Gaster, who were living within the jurisdiction, but that if Winnington or Shapiro were to return from their foreign domicile, where they were not within the jurisdiction, he would carefully consider whether proceedings should be instituted. This disappointed his questioners by its moderation; "Hang them!" cried Brigadier TERENCE CLARK, and Mr. FRANK TOMNEY, from the other end of the political spectrum, almost burst into tears in his denunciation of these "crimes against common humanity." Only Mr. SILVERMAN, who would have opposed the expulsion of Lucifer from Heaven if he had suspected the slightest loophole in the judgment, rose to complain that you could not base proceedings on anonymous evidence.

Tuesday, March 8

Lest there should be any doubt whether the enemies of the United Nations were the Queen's enemies for the purpose of committing treason, Mr. PHILIP BELL introduced a ten-minute bill to deem them such. Mr. SILVERMAN, almost automatically, hopped up and protested that the bill was mischievous and meaningless. He could have been unchallengeably right in his diagnosis and yet got nowhere, for the House, still thinking of the Korean prisoners, was in a mood attuned to sentiment, not sense; and by a large majority it

House of Commons:
Army Estimates

gave Mr. BELL leave to bring in his bill. Mr. ANTHONY HEAD, speaking without notes as smoothly as Sir Thomas Beecham conducting without a score, introduced the Army Estimates in an eighty-minute speech that never flagged in interest from the first moment to the last. Mr. HEAD undoubtedly gave a very good account of himself both in connection with the grave problems of the future and the nagging problems remaining from the past, and for the most part he was heard with appreciative attention.

But Mr. WIGG and Mr. WYATT, never happy when anyone other than themselves is discussing Service topics, had to make their quota of interruptions. Mr. WIGG remained reasonably quiet after the Minister had appealed to him on the ground that he, Mr. HEAD, "had kept silent for a year while the hon. Member has talked the most fearful rubbish"; but it takes more than an appeal to silence Mr. WYATT when the F.N. rifle is in the offing. On this occasion he was so eager to demonstrate his inability to understand that one inch can equal 25.4 millimetres that he committed the tactical error of antagonizing the Chair. "If the hon. Member insists on interrupting," snapped Sir CHARLES MACANDREW irritably but unconstitutionally, "he will not be called."

Mr. FRED BELLENGER, who provided the official Opposition, fully lived up to the reputation he made for himself during his tenure of the War Office as the least expert military expert to be

heard in the House since Lord George Germain. He seemed entirely unable to perceive the significance of the re-organizations Mr. HEAD had announced; and, indeed, despite a declared partiality for Clausewitz, was remarkably unacquainted with the most accessible military knowledge. For example, he concluded from the sight of a line of road-bound tanks during recent manoeuvres in Germany that the tanks had a poor cross-country performance, whereas he had only to ask any member of their crews to learn that they were simply avoiding damage to crops.

The debate (in spite of two extraordinary attempts on the part of Mr. FOLLIOT early in the evening to have the House counted out) continued until dawn. Mr. WYATT, reaping the reward of his impatience, waited about for some hours, but finally flounced out with his contribution undelivered.

Wednesday, March 9

Lord SAMUEL, unwilling to let the Government forget they had promised to reform the House of Lords: **Ermine Crisis** Lords, proposed a motion containing some useful suggestions. The Upper House, when Lord SAMUEL has done with it, will present a most novel aspect. The hereditary peers, unless otherwise qualified, will be excluded. In their place, the crimson leather benches will be replenished with Orientals, Africans, intellectuals and peeresses in their own right. HAILSHAM must go, and WINTER-TOB; but in their seats will sit Lord Ah Wong, Lord Mbongo, Lord Toynbee and Lady Rhondda. It is hard to say if Lord SAMUEL was quite serious, or if he was just giving the Tories a dig; but it was he who got the ladies into Another Place, and even at eighty-four he should not be underrated.

Oddly enough, Lord JOWITT withheld Socialist approval on the ground that there was no public demand; but Lord SALISBURY, though he could not follow Lord SAMUEL all the way, promised at least a part of his requirement—nominated peers, for example, and payment of Members. Not, however, this week.

In the Commons, Mr. HAROLD WILSON, hand on hip, threatened Mr. PETER THORNECROFT with the imminent collapse of the Lancashire cotton industry, while his leader, his feet on the table and his glasses on his forehead, appeared to sleep happily, dreaming, no doubt, of a world where all Socialists agreed. When Mr. THORNECROFT began to slap the Box



"If Mr. Wyatt insists on interrupting, he will not be called."

in reply, he gave Mr. WILSON a sad little smile and hurried out to face the horrors of real life.

Thursday, March 10

The Services estimates went out with a dying fall. Such thunder as Mr. GEORGE WARD could command had already been stolen in the Defence debate, though the plans for dispersing bomber bases were new. But if Mr. WARD seemed a thought dull, he was a positive Disraeli beside Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, whose parade of meaningless truisms (e.g.

House of Commons: **Air Estimates**

"The world has entered on a new era of warfare") not only emptied the House but almost emptied the Press gallery as well.

The usual harassing forces sat in the bench behind the Opposition front bench; but Mr. WYATT, though Mr. WARD deliberately trailed his coat in the hope of rousing him, was content to sit and smile like a cat already so gorged with canaries that it could not manage another. Mr. WIGG, however, was as vocal as ever, and fired off his accusations about security breaches, and guns that won't fire, and V-bombers with weaknesses in their tails, with as much vigour and as little regard for verification as ever. One day he will perhaps find out that "what I tell you three times is true" is a principle that works better in Lewis Carroll's country than in the House of Commons, and that it is unsafe to rely on newspaper reports when exchanging technical small-talk with experts.

Friday, March 11

Several times during the last fortnight Mr. MELLISH, whose motion stood second on to-day's paper, had optimistically tried to persuade Sir IAN FRASER to withdraw his motion, which stood first. But it seemed that Sir IAN thought home food production more important than the publication of the Conservative Party's accounts; and so did the House, who found Sir IAN's motion an apt occasion for discussing the Government's agricultural report. B. A. YOUNG

House of Commons: **Sheep before Showdown**





BOOKING OFFICE

Night Thoughts

MUST really get down to writing a novel. It makes one feel so naked having nothing to say when others are boasting about their Remainders. Nothing more than a good commercial job that will sell well, of course, with just the occasional touch that shows one could have really created something if one had not been so closely "engaged" with what after all is a money-culture. A thousand words a day means a novel in ten weeks five days. Keep it down to seventy-five thousand to show how good you are at cutting to the bone. As soon as your sales are solid you can cut down on the bread-and-butter stuff and get a tape-recorder and bump up fiction output and perhaps add a bit of commissioned topography.

Good reviewer-bait to use the framework of one kind of novel for another kind, the way G.G. uses the thriller to write about Sin. This also attracts two different publics. What about using an adultery framework? The that's-dunit rather than the whodunit. Use it for what? The Political Novel is out now, except for smooth, behind-the-scenes-of-the-racket stuff, or admin in action, the business of the office going on all the time like an early Van Druten while personal tragedies get mixed up with the files. Psychological Novel not so good now as they had it in the Freudian period. Jung's archetypes not a selling point like *libido*. This paranormal stuff worse: psychokinetic murder, apports as false clues, dematerialization facilitating alibis.

Religious revival overcrowded. Too many disciples climbing on the Bandwagon: everybody wants to get into the Acts. Not quite time for Anti-clerical Novel. Nearly ripe for swing of the pendulum from pessimism. All that chipped china in cafts, one eye on horror comic one on TV comic, worm gnaws at the heart of UNRRA, world gone sour stuff *vieux jeu*. What about optimism?

Difficult to be optimistic when future may be here before publication? No, when people in danger always cheerier. There'll always be an England, peasants being colourful on the slopes of Veauvius. The world is so full of a number of things

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings. (What kings? Farouk? Peter? Michael? Umberto? Perhaps it means Steel and Beef and Oil Kings.) Look at virtue not crime. Look at good buildings not bad buildings. What can hero be? Extrovert, always strong and useful and gay. Can't help it if this not deep, though am not sure why gay character cannot be as deep as a sniveller. If need theme for book try this. No, might lay me open to questioning. Make it epigraph and attribute it to character



in book to whom author's attitude is ambiguous. Scott Fitzgerald did this and he not only made the best of several worlds but made the best of some of them not being the best worlds, just comfortable.

Extrovert hero a scientist. Scientists have usually been physicists with the psychological tensions of Ad-men. Must be other kinds of Science. Make hero medical researcher helping to abolish post-operative pain. Must love girl in equally happy milieu. What about ballet? High accomplishment, expertise, joy and success and very optimistic. True love and a happy ending, though must have some rough water or happy ending will come at beginning. Return to good old days means the villain will be straightforwardly bad. Not one of

us, *homme lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère*. Be careful. Once one adopts the simpler, purer world the occupations of villains become difficult. Better stick to professional crook. When not forging, threatening to seduce heroine. Seduction good, old-fashioned type of strong meat. No beating-up of suspects or children murdering parents or homosexual sergeants, of course, in the bright new world. Villain must have all the exterior signs of villainy, but his interior must be left unexplored and unexplained.

What do the Pony Club girls read when the ponies have to be rested? Books about horses? Books about the pure and enthusiastic on horses. (Villain had better be a strong internal-combustion man.) Hero must be a throwback to the older virtues, very grateful to his parents and with a great belief in his job. The style must match the contents. No carefully chosen metaphors bringing bent privet and steamy windows and stale reeks before the reader with the clarity of a convalescent's observation, no sentences trailing under a weight of weary disgust, no lack-lustre conversations. The rhythms must be brisk, forward-pressing. There must be good weather, bright houses, tingling nerves and ruddy looks. The hero can get tired, but only the kind of tiredness that goes with blisters and a longing for bannocks. He can work at his job till he drops, but he drops with a feeling of either achievement or irritation at achievement delayed.

The ending? Oh, a job and a marriage built firmly, something added to private and national life, earned satisfaction and the future seen in terms of resolve. The subsidiary characters divided into builders—good, and destroyers—bad. Plenty of comic relief, but the butt will be the kind of man who has recently been the hero. Then in about twenty years a parody of this kind of thing, followed by something "rather daring."

R. G. G. PRICE

Turncoat's Philosophy

The Milky Way. Jean Dutourd. *Museum Press*, 10/6

"France's hereditary enemy is the English... Just let the Fritzes and the Roastbeefs fight it out between them, and lie doggo. When they've bashed each other silly, we'll pull the chestnuts out of

the fire." Thus Charles-Hubert Poissonard, shopkeeper and black-marketeer, expresses his philosophy in 1940. Invincibly ignorant, spiteful, and cunning, this dairyman and his equally unscrupulous wife have, by 1948, amassed forty million francs and complacently turned their coats; another, upper-class, collaborator becomes their son-in-law and a Member of Parliament: while young Lécuyer, soldier, Resistance worker, and schoolmaster—a true, though egregiously silly, patriot—is hounded, imprisoned, and finally transferred to a less advantageous peace-time post through the Poissonards' machinations.

This satirical novel—often amusing despite its detestable protagonists—will not suit those rabid Francophiles who imagine that the *petite-bourgeoisie* is solely composed of endearing bakers and barbers as portrayed on the screen by Raimu and Fernandel.

J. M.-R.

The Pilgrimage. Francis Stuart. Gollancz, 12/6

Dostoevsky, Dostoevsky, repeat the quotations on the dust wrapper. Mr. Stuart has indeed something of Dostoevsky, the mawkishness, the masochism, the extravagant religiosity. His latest novel is a compound in which a diseased girl discovers spiritual comfort through being outraged by a cripple, a bishop treats the girl with apparent harshness so that he shall not indulge his mortal love for her, and several other children and adults seek light through such mysterious ways as a mock marriage and communion with a snake in a peepshow.

There is also a highly sophisticated journalist with eyes of "clear, seagull blue," who throughout the book pursues a recently-discovered authentic holy relic and does a good deal of lovemaking in his attempt to discover it. Mr. Stuart contrives to make his blend of sex and religion more than a little unpleasant.

J. S.

Fellow Passenger. Geoffrey Household. Michael Joseph, 12/6

Not since the romances of Jeffery Farnol has a fugitive hero come up against so many odd settings and rich characters: ships, circuses, cathedral chapter-houses and bizarre dining-clubs shelter the fleeing Communist suspect in dizzying procession, with Sikhs, reformed lags, picture dealers, pretty Americans, acrobats, village cricket teams and merchant navy captains flitting briefly across the changing backdrops. But it is all very entertaining stuff, and only sags when the reader unfairly recalls that a ruthless short-cut through the plot could have saved a lot of trouble all round.

Mr. Household writes with a sort of caddish gusto, and often shoots out a neat phrase (the Oxford don who "swung on the trapeze of his own intellect"). Perhaps his first-person-singular hero is a bit too determinedly



dashing. Or is it a mistake, in a dashing first-person-singular author, to have quite so candid a portrait on the back of the dust-jacket?

J. B. B.

The Demon of Progress in the Arts. Wyndham Lewis. Methuen, 12/6

Percy Wyndham Lewis, author and self-styled original *avant-garde* painter in England in 1913, here recants with violence but occasional backsliding. "Extremism (Wyndham Lewis's term for abstract art) is a disease" (Page 1); but later, "It is all right, some people tend to be extremist and some are not extremist." Taking the first attitude, he himself was, he says, only saved from it by another scourge, World War I. That made him think a little! Fellow-sufferer Picasso (originator) has the malady well in hand, and can at will recapture brilliantly the techniques of his youth; others are borderline cases, and a few, mysteriously, tolerated in their diseased condition.

All will join Wyndham Lewis in consigning to the pathological ward stretcher cases Bombelli and Engel Pak, whose works (as illustrated) consist of, respectively, a few mechanical circles and a line, and a pastel squiggle. Wyndham Lewis sees extremism as detrimental to the young gifted and a cloak for the ungifted—in fact the fashionable nonsense of our time. General decay and lowering of standards in our civilization are given as the basic causes. The book indicates a welcome change in the tide of fashion, and is a vast improvement on some past loud and ignorant "official" attacks on abstract art.

A. D.

Homer's Daughter. Robert Graves. Cassell, 10/6

Suppose we agree with Samuel Butler that the *Odyssey* was written by a young lady of Sicily? This is what Robert Graves has done in a brilliantly witty historical frolic. But if the great poem was composed by a Sicilian princess she cannot have invented the whole complicated plot. For the *Odyssey* is clearly composed on two levels: the adventures of a sailor who has strayed into fairyland

are combined with a prosaic matter-of-fact account of the troubles of a princely household, invaded by greedy neighbours while the master is away.

So the authoress took the magic islands from the common stockpot of Western legend, but she herself in her own life played the parts of Nausicaa and Penelope. The resulting story gives a splendid and convincing picture of life as it must have been lived in the eighth century B.C. among the thinly spread Greek colonies of the Ionian Sea. This is in a sense a slight work, a learned joke. But it is Robert Graves at his best.

A. L. D.

William Balston: Paper-Maker. Thomas Balston. Methuen, 21/-

This book, appropriately printed on very fine paper, is one of those close examinations of a special subject which turn out to possess a good deal of interesting general information. It is partly a family history, partly an account of the Whatman paper business, in which the author's ancestor, William Balston (1759-1849), became an apprentice.

We see the expansion of a famous firm of paper-makers, and at the same time the personal career of an industrious Bluecoat boy, rising to affluence through early struggles in the approved Victorian manner. Mr. Thomas Balston's interesting biographies of John Martin, the painter, and his great-uncle Edward Balston, the Headmaster of Eton, will be remembered. This volume is a worthy successor. It includes some alarming portraits of nineteenth-century Balstons.

A. P.

AT THE PLAY

Sacrifice to the Wind
and *The Lesson* (ARTS)
The Burning Boat
(ROYAL COURT)

IT was really small wonder that Clytemnestra killed Agamemnon in his bath. JOHN WHITING has made a very good translation of ANDRÉ OREY's long one-acter, *Sacrifice to the Wind*, which is now at the Arts, impressively. Taking the story of Iphigenia in Aulis, it adds a cynical ending; in this the princess dies, and her sacrifice occurs at a moment chosen by Calchas after cunning consultation with the local fishermen, who know the wind is coming.

Modern in speech, and including a Cockney batman and a young county soldier who has just been killed on reconnaissance, the play makes a strong plea for the value of the individual life as against the pompous futility of Agamemnon's passion for conquest. Much of it is taken up with the attempts of Ulysses and Menelaus to persuade him to let his daughter go home and to throw Calchas out on his ear; considering how static it is, these arguments are skillfully arranged, but they would be still more effective if Agamemnon were sufficiently

adult to be able to answer back, and if Clytemnestra had not fallen so easily for the old stuff about it being an honour to die for Greece. The dead soldier intrudes too often, trying and failing to get through with his message of peace; once or twice would have been enough to establish him before his important return at the end, when Iphigenia, outraged at her parents' cruelty, hears him and goes out happily to a death which will bring escape.

All the same it is an interesting and, on the whole, a gripping play, produced intelligently by STEPHEN MURRAY and beautifully mounted by PAUL MAYO. HELENA HUGHES gives an icy intensity to Iphigenia's horror, Agamemnon gets a commanding bovinity from ANDREW CRUICKSHANK, and there is a clever performance by RUPERT DAVIES as the liberal and agile Ulysses.

As curtain-raiser we had *The Lesson*, a perfectly mad play by EUGENE IONESCU, whom Paris takes seriously. No doubt its symbolism will be discovered to be very deep and important, but I would rather call it a trick trifle in no way justified by a trick end. Opening with the noise of hammering off, it shows a surrealist lesson given by an amorous and doddering professor to a girl who cannot subtract four from five but manages astronomical calculations like

an electronic brain. As his didactic frenzy mounts, so she begins to suffer physical torture, until at last he kills her with an imaginary knife. We then find she is Victim No. 40, and while the coffin-making continues wildly outside another pupil is announced. Well, well; search me. In the play's defence it can be said that it offers STEPHEN MURRAY a chance for a rich piece of eccentricity—a charitable word—which he seizes amusingly.

The success of *The Boy Friend* and *Salad Days* is steering us abruptly from the smart, glamorous and vulgar. This new model in musical entertainment relies on quiet charm and is not ashamed of simple emotion, though good taste just preserves it from sentimentality; it is a small-scale quality job, content to be light without any attempt at being uproariously funny. There is no room in it for a big comedian, which is where it differs mainly from the old-fashioned musical comedy it so closely resembles; and its balance is a tightrope-affair, for too much simplicity can easily become a little dull.

The Burning Boat seems to me to suffer in this way. Its romance springs from the well-worn pattern of the neglected wife who falls in love only to find she cannot leave an unexciting

husband who depends on her, and in a high proportion of the songs the characters enlarge rather solemnly on their amorous aspirations. Whether you can listen with continued pleasure to people doing this is entirely a matter of make-up. I can't, but plenty of others can. And having made this purely personal reservation about *The Burning Boat*, there is much in it to praise. It establishes with quiet skill the atmosphere of a musical festival in a small seaside town. Its voices are good and varied, its cast exactly right for the target. GEOFFREY WRIGHT's music is delightful, and when NICHOLAS PHIPPS abandons the troubled heart his lyrics are original and witty. The best of them carry the kind of intelligent satire of which more is needed.

HUGH CASSON's attractive sets are full of ironic comment, though I was not sure how well his boat would go into the wind. MARIE NEY is to the life the gracious local lady behind the festival, MARION GRIMALDI and BRUCE TRENT are sympathetic in a love affair so good-mannered that it scarcely begins, the gin-soaked pathetic husband is safe with MICHAEL GOUGH, and as the harassed foreigner at the wheel of the festival DON WILLIAMS stirs poignant memories.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As You Like It (Old Vic—9/3/55), a sound level. *Serious Charge* (Garriok—23/2/55), a neat mental thriller. *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55), a funny and terrifying study of a domestic tyrant tamed.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

Manon—Il Trovatore
L'Elisir d'Amore (STOLL)

ANOTHER of those *ad hoc* Italian companies is singing in Kingsway. Small, olive-skinned men, chorus singers evidently, dribble in at the stage door around rehearsal time, their collars upturned against London sleet. If they paused, which they don't, and looked up at the theatre's façade, they would see an obscure, sooty inscription, LONDON OPERA HOUSE. There's no harm in a little atavism. The Stoll has reverted for a few weeks to its pre-1914 status.

Oscar Hammerstein I, the builder, thought of everything but a prompt box. Or perhaps he did and the thing was removed. So the visitors have to build Prompt a cloth booth in the orchestra pit. Prompt's chin is at footlights level. If your stall is near the front of the house and rather to the side, you see a segment of the dear devoted man's desk, the score upon it, the flipping of its pages, the fling and poke of his forefinger as he gives cues. Most of the principals are reasonably good cue-takers. They come in nicely on the dot, without giving so much as the tail of their eye either to Prompt or the conductor, MANRICO DE TURA.



Leo Hartmann—BRUCE TRENT

Peter Manson—MICHAEL GOUGH

(*The Burning Boat*)

It is the chorus-singers, the women especially, who make things dodgy. Sometimes, having waited for it with the intentness of a wicket-keeper, they catch their cue and toss it aloft, so to say, with an air of triumphant virtue. At other times they miss by an arm's length, scramble half-heartedly after the beat, glance at Prompt in shift-eyed panic and wait for the next bus in despondent knots. Maestro DE TURA's composure at such times is admirable. His face is as unchanging as a portrait in pressed steel. He is an Italian of the sceptical, stoic type, and needs to be just that.

The chorus work is not the only debit item. At its worst the scenery is infamously bad. Every outdoor scene brings the same set of magic-lantern clouds which bulge and shrink as they move across a wrinkled and restless backcloth. In *Manon* the acting was hammy enough for a 1905 film-makers' shack. But there are good things too. In *L'Elisir* MARGHERITA CAROSIO, the Adina, made lustrous amends for her maltreatment of Massenet the night before. CARLO ZAMPIGHI, the Nemorino, whose young Des Grieux had sounded alternately like Radames and Cavaradosi, made as good a Nemorino as I have seen or heard. Mr. ZAMPIGHI thought as highly of his performance as the rest of us, awarding himself a repeat of *Una furtiva lagrima* which took Adina by surprise, so much so that she had to turn tail after a tentative entry and go back into the wings for five minutes.

As to *Trovatore*, KYRA VAYNE's Leonora remains an interesting possibility or set of possibilities. PIER FERRARO's Manrico is authentically sung, and PAOLO STACCHINI's Azucena, nothing at all to look at, gives balm even to a disillusioned ear. The orchestra, particularly the string section, is worth ten of the Stoll's normal recruitment.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

A Star is Born

THIS time, *A Star is Born* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR) has been given the full treatment: CinemaScope as well as Technicolor, songs and elaborate musical "production numbers" as well as sentimental drama, and, above all, oceans of distracting publicity about the "come-back" of JUDY GARLAND. I don't remember the 1937 original (with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou) well enough to be sure whether all these decorations were well-advised, but certainly the result is tremendous entertainment. The basic story is sentimental, obvious, magaziney, yes; but it is done with what at intervals approaches brilliance, and nobody need feel ashamed of finding the film enjoyable.

The best of it I think is the incidental satire of Hollywood phenomena and attitudes. The film opens with a scene of a Hollywood preview, with its attend-



[A Star is Born]

Esther Blodgett—JUDY GARLAND

ant hordes of screaming fans, and visiting celebrities, and starlets learning how to fix their smiles for the photographer's flash. All this is ironically observed and very cleverly directed—the scenes of backstage confusion caused by the celebrated actor Norman Maine (JAMES MASON) who becomes violently playful when drunk are beautifully handled, and there are similarly striking crowd and group scenes throughout. As I remember the 1937 film, it was more plainly aimed at an audience keen to be affected by the glamour of Hollywood, and did less in the way of straightforward laughing at the place; but there is still plenty here for that audience, which will probably laugh heartily enough without being any the less spellbound shortly afterwards.

The story itself remains as before in essentials: Norman Maine (the names are the same too) perceives "star quality" in the unknown girl Esther Blodgett, uses his influence to help her on the way to stardom, marries her and sees her rise to the heights while he drinks himself into the depths, and finally swims away to the horizon so as to cease being a drag on her career. But this time the girl is a singer, and cues for songs or elaborate concerted numbers from the films she is in turn up at frequent intervals. There is even an after-show jam session (if they still call it that these days) where she goes to sing, for the fun of it, with musicians playing for the fun of it: this is in a darkened, otherwise empty café, and the scene is made very interesting visually as well as musically. Another of the musical scenes is carried entirely by Miss GARLAND, who very amusingly burlesques the whole of a film "production number" the star has just been

making, supplying everything but the music herself.

There is in fact no need to make a fuss about her "come-back": this is a notable performance in its own right, and would be at any stage of her or anyone's career. Mr. MASON too is excellent, and there are first-rate sketches among the smaller parts; but still very much of what makes this worth seeing is in its agreeably disrespectful picture of the Hollywood scene itself.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The other two films of the week don't inspire me to write at any length about them. One is *The Long Gray Line*, which wastes the directorial ability of JOHN FORD on a story about the life of an instructor at West Point, and resembles most other pictures about U.S. military or naval academies except that it is twice as long and forty times as Irish; the other is *Prisoner of War*, which seemed to me pretty crude propaganda, put on now to benefit from the publicity about the recent Report about the treatment of British prisoners in Korea.

There is a very good new suspense piece, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, and another important new one, of which more next week, is *The Country Girl* (nothing to do with that old musical comedy). *Umberto D.* is in its last days, and *Seven Samurai* (2/3/55) continues.

Releases include *Désirée* (23/2/55), interesting for MARLON BRANDO's Napoleon, and *Out of the Clouds* (23/2/55), more about London Airport than about any human characters.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

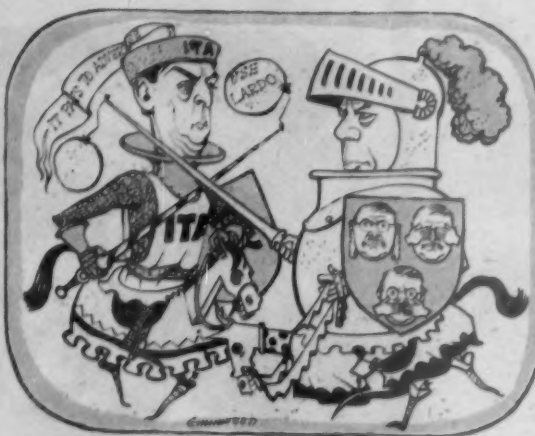
The Younger Generation

"ONE thing Sir George will certainly fight for—an hour of dark screens on both services between 6 and 7 p.m., so that children can be put to bed after their own programmes without the distraction of seeing what comes next." If this report is correct I hope that Sir George Barnes takes a beating—on principle. An appalling amount of rubbish is talked and written about the baleful effects of TV on the child mind and about parents' inability to control the viewing hours of their toddling offspring.

How old are these children who are packed off to bed by panicking parents at six o'clock? They're the nippers, the when-we-were-very-young brigade, the not-quite-old-enough-for-homework set, the under-eight-year-olds. And I don't believe that parental authority has disintegrated quite so badly in Britain that these bright young thugs cannot be prized from the TV set. Would Sir George argue that the break of forty-five minutes between "Watch With Mother" (4.0—4.15) and "Children's Television" (5.0) is designed to enable mama to put baby back into his cot before he can be distracted by the heady romance of "The Bumblebees"?

I sympathize with the young teenagers who are deprived of TV by Sir George's orders in council. They are too old for "Children's Television" and too young for the adult programme, and according to the B.B.C. they are expected to pitch into their homework unremittingly between tea and bedtime.

Did I say the B.B.C.? Sorry, I meant Lime Grove: the sound-radio people do



Sir Robert Fraser

Sir George Barnes

recognize the existence of the younger generation, and three times a week, at 6.15 p.m., they put on shows specially designed for the upper school and the junior breadwinner. Last week, for example, the Light Programme's "The Younger Generation" offered three half-hour items, "Holiday Parade," "Review" (films, books, plays and tunes), and "Transatlantic Question Time." Good stuff. We must assume therefore that the B.B.C. considers our youngsters worth catering for in sound but not in vision; and we must conclude that TV is now regarded as suitable for babies, toddlers, children and adults but not for young teenagers. With its 5.0—6.0 p.m., 7.25—10.0 p.m. time-table the TV service is settling into one of those deep ruts that bedevil the progress of the B.B.C. Somebody in authority has an idea and issues an edict, and bureaucracy does the rest.

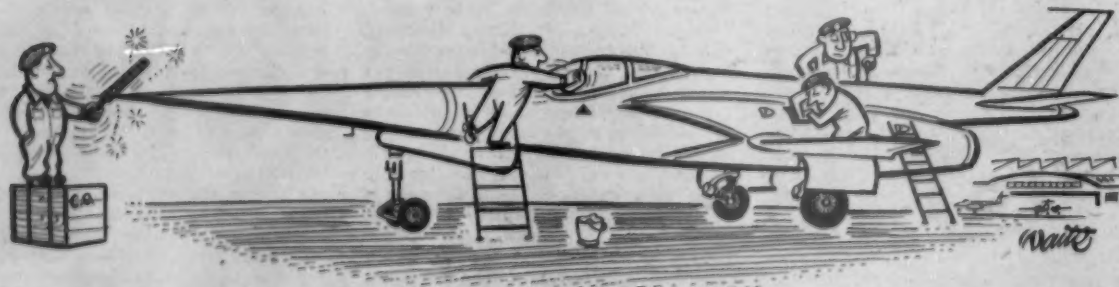
All this is worth saying only because the programmes levelled at the youth of

Britain are generally of high quality in production, content and presentation. From "Listen With Mother" and "Watch With Mother" to "Top of the Form" and "Teleclub" there is evidence of wise and kindly solicitude: the "For the Schools" programmes, the constructive and richly avuncular "Children's Hour," TV's serials, plays and "All Your Own" are so good that they claim the ears and eyes of innumerable grateful adults. We could do with more programmes for the younger generation—particularly on television.

Sound radio is gradually finding its feet after a terrific first-round pummelling from TV. Script-writers and producers are discovering that pure sound can often achieve greater effect than sound *plus* vision, and the new programmes are being designed accordingly. "En Voyage," for example, the revived Sunday morning *leçon française* ("for those interested in brushing up their French") could not possibly succeed on TV: one has to close one's eyes to listen to it. The script, by Emile Harven and M. J. MacDonald, is a delightful mélange of humour and instruction; and the players, magnificently insular, delight all "bi-lingual" Britishers with their contemptuous respect for the peculiar sounds of Paris.

Twiddling the knob of the radio in search of music I suddenly encountered a voice of compelling charm. For a few seconds I listened only to the heavily accented English, believing that I was in for a good laugh at the Third's expense. But there were no laughs. Instead I heard a wonderful talk about Chekhov, a talk of mountainous grandeur and profound inspiration. The speaker, it turned out, was Thomas Mann.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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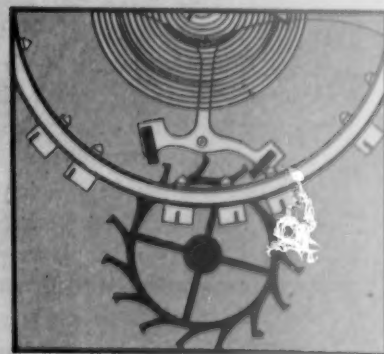
Measuring a hair's breadth

is his business

HE'S NO ORDINARY technician, the man who makes the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch — or any part of it. He needs the fingers of a surgeon, the eyesight of a miniature-painter and the patience of a saint. And then he needs the readiness of an opera singer to undergo a training so long and laborious that it would drive most people mad.

Ask any engineer how he'd like to work with screws so microscopic that 20,000 and more would go into a thimble!

But it's this kind of craftsmanship that makes good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches world-famous. That's why they keep exact time for years, decades, and why they're small works of art. Ask your jeweller to show you; then take his expert advice.



THIS IS THE JEWELLED-LEVER

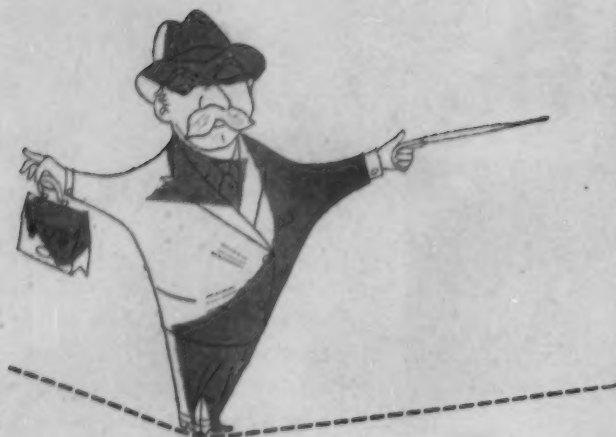
432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge
is your safeguard*

THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



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HOOVER LIMITED

Another Year of Great Achievement

The Annual General Meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on March 31 at Perivale, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the annual review, which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year to December 31, 1954:

The year 1954 has been the most successful in the company's history. Both in turnover and profit we have far exceeded the record figures of 1953. The consolidated profit of £4,581,000 represents an increase of 49 per cent. over 1953 and 187 per cent. over 1952. Undoubtedly the last three years have seen a meteoric rise in the fortunes of this company.

THE HOME MARKET

Although the expansion of our business applies to both home and export sales, it is proposed first to review our operations at home.

Electric Cleaners.—Home sales of Electric Cleaners have increased by 35 per cent., and we continue to hold our dominating position in the Electric Cleaner market. We are very proud of our existing range of Electric Cleaners, which enjoy a world-wide reputation for efficiency and quality.

Washing Machines.—This was the first full year of sales of our new Mark II Washing Machine and we are pleased to report an expansion of 42 per cent. in the total sales of Washing Machines. The Mark I machine is still tremendously popular and sales of this machine have continued at a high level. Combined, the sales of these two machines continue to dominate the Washing Machine market.

Electric Polishers.—Business in our Hoover Electric Polisher has expanded along with our other lines, but turnover, considerable though it is, is relatively small in the Home Market compared with Cleaners and Washing Machines. It is in the Export Field that the Polisher has been most successful, especially in Australia, where Polisher sales are often as high as Cleaner sales.

Electric Steam-or-Dry Iron.—We believe that we have found another winner, and that as time goes on it will establish itself in the British market on a basis comparable with our Cleaners and Washing Machines.

F.H.P. Motors.—Our Fractional Horse-Power Motor business has had a most successful year, sales in 1954 being more than double 1953.

THE EXPORT MARKET

Conditions have been extremely satisfactory for expanding business in the Home Market during the year 1954. Conditions were not as favourable in our Overseas Markets. We have always fully realized the need to keep our exports at a maximum and have kept on full pressure to this end.

We are continuing to supply substantial quantities of our products to the American Market and our total dollar earnings in the United States and Canada compare very favourably with past years.

It is indeed gratifying to know that despite all our problems in the export markets of the world we still sold 63 per cent. of the total British exports of Cleaners and 50 per cent. of the total British exports of Electric Washing Machines, both percentages in sterling value of exports. These figures do not include the sale of products manufactured overseas.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Since the war great strides have been made by our Research and Development Department. We are particularly pleased with their latest handiwork, our All-Electric Washing Machine. It was introduced to the British Market at the Ideal Home Exhibition and has already received a great welcome. We are sure that it will be equally well received in the overseas markets.

It has been a year of great achievement on the part of all concerned and, as a result, Hoover men and women everywhere have profited. The Board is gratified to know that the Company is in such a strong financial position that it has been able to increase dividends and will also be able to pursue vigorously its policy of expansion.

DISTRIBUTION OF TOTAL INCOME

The Government, as in past years, continues to take the bulk of our profits in taxation. It should be borne in mind that most of our products are still subject to a high rate of Purchase Tax, and when this is taken in conjunction with Income Tax and Profits Tax, it is found that 5s. 5d. in every £ received by the company is subsequently paid over to the Government.

In view of the big increase in our profits it is interesting to examine what happens to each £1 of income received by the Company. It is distributed as follows:

	s.	d.
Purchase Tax	4	1
Income Tax and Profits Tax	1	4
Wages, Salaries, and Superannuation	5	5
Materials	4	10
General Expenses, including depreciation, maintenance of buildings, rent, power, carriage, travelling, etc.	2	9
Ploughed back into the business	11	
Dividends	8	
	£1	0 0

It will be noted that the Government receives in taxation as much as the wages and salaries of all our employees.

The results for 1954 have set us a formidable target for the future, but you may rest assured that we shall do our utmost to record still further growth of the Company's activities throughout the world.

Punch, March 16 1933



A New View of 'Viyella'

Here are some 'Viyella' shirts that will have little to do with an office. They are at least a hundred miles away from any formal atmosphere of work. These belong only to the country. Men like the country character of 'Viyella', which is also never quite absent from the quieter designs for every day—the 'Viyella' "Town and Country" herringbones and shepherd checks, that are worn anywhere.

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Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

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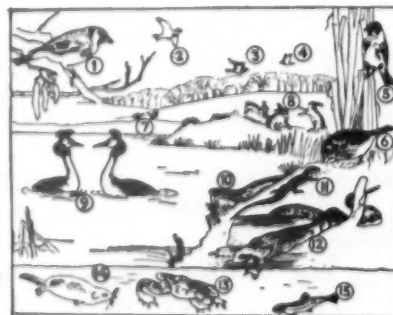
3

Wild life in MARCH



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

THERE IS METHOD IN MARCH MADNESS — for the animals' spring has come, and the scene of their mating is set against the bare back-cloth of winter's end, and played by creatures who have no conscious knowledge of the season of birth to come in the months of green plant-carpet and leaf-canopy. Lengthening days, internal rhythms, bring them out of hibernation and persuade them to song and display. The goldfinch (1) chooses his post on a branch of the catkin-hung alder tree; skylark (2), meadow-pipit (3) and wood-lark (4) find theirs in the air. Reed-bunting (5) and greenfinch (6) restlessly share their time between winter foraging-ground and spring territory — they should be in song by the end of the month. Aggressive male partridges (7) and hares (8) in open fields fight their battles; usually these are sham, but sometimes fur and feathers fly. Great crested grebes (9), moulting into summer plumage, grow their crests and tippets, and pairs cement their mating-bond in strange courtship ceremonies. Slow-worm (10), common lizard (11), and grass-snake (12) wake from their winter sleep: the grass-snake finds its natural prey, the common frog (13) already mating and spawning. The frog that has escaped is a male, the nuptial pads on its first fingers covered with horny spicules. Below the surface, the water-shrew (14) swims dry in its silver sheath of fur-trapped air. The bottom-living loach (15) is ready to spawn.



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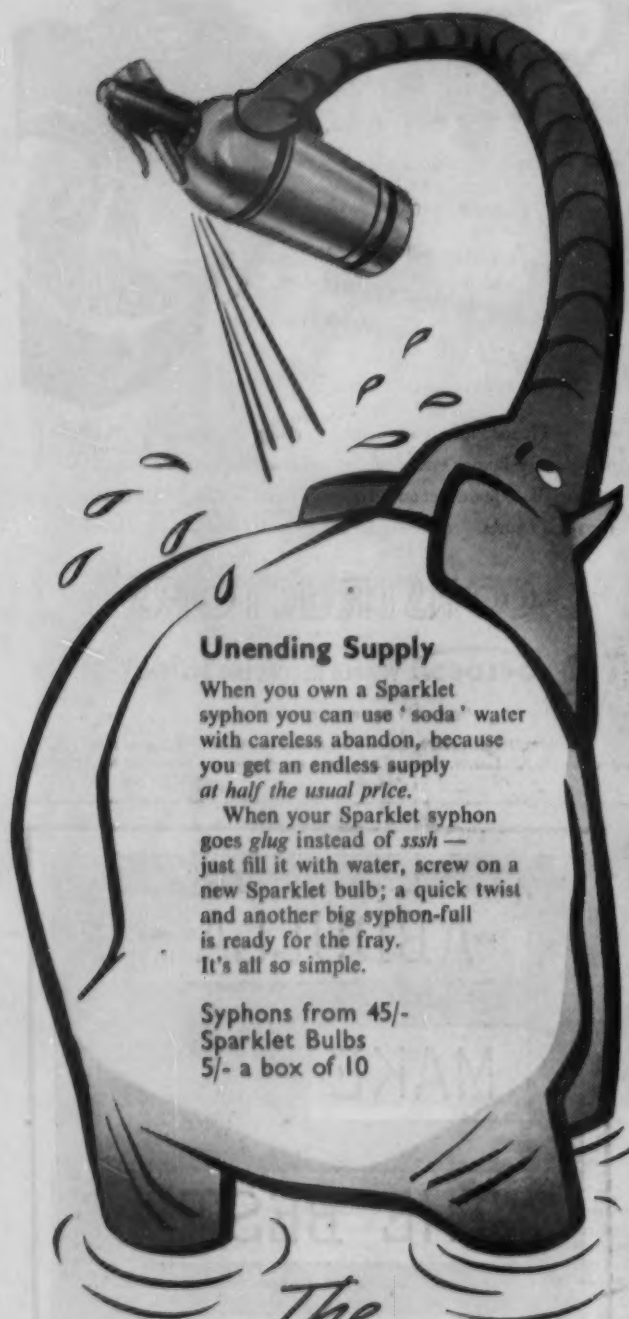
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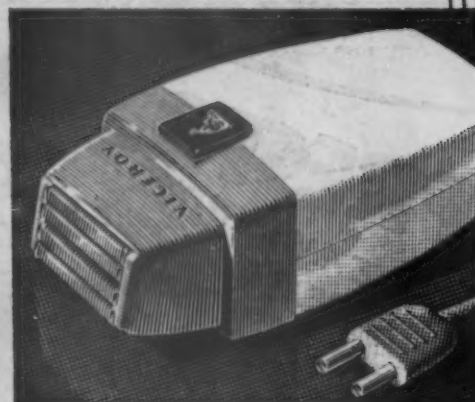
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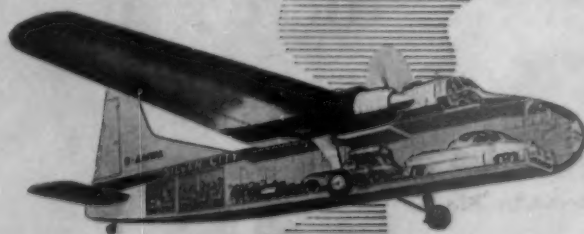
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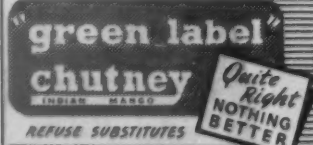


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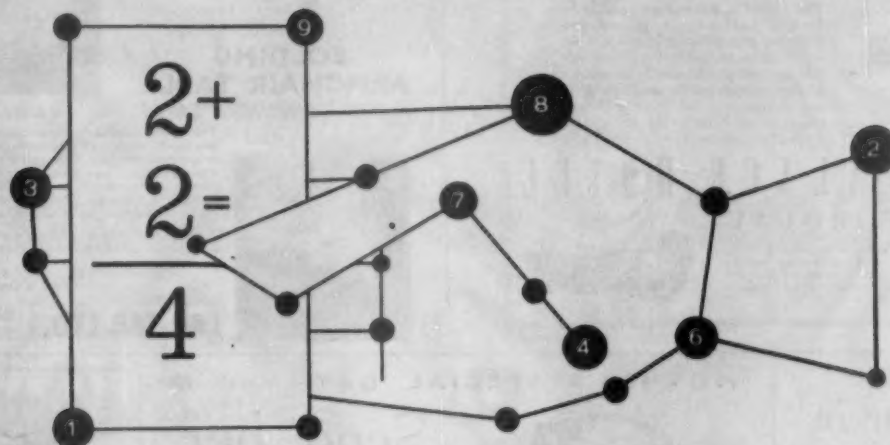
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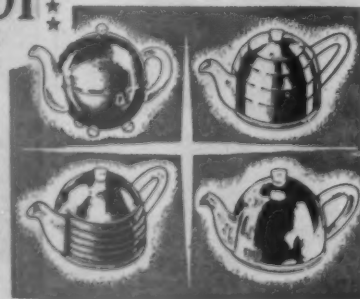
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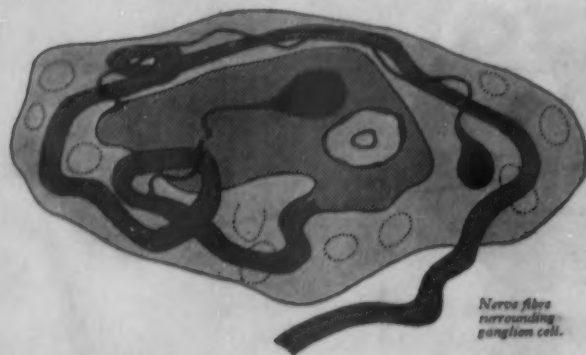
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A healthy, efficient nervous system depends upon the proper functioning of your nerve cells. If these do not receive enough protein and phosphorus, they "starve", retarding the normal growth of new nerve tissue. To build up their activity, Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By this vigorous tonic action, Sanatogen strengthens and stabilizes your nervous system, thus helping to overcome "nerves".

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen has an exceptional tonic effect.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms—excessive worrying, depression, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

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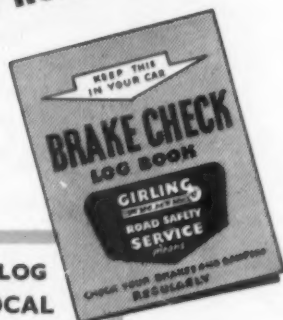
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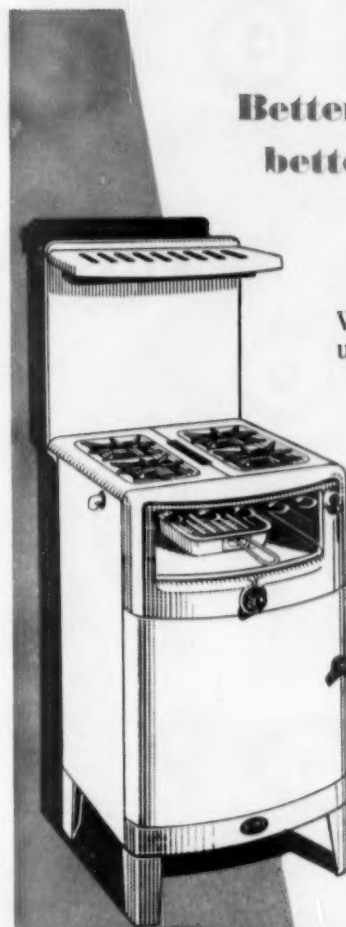
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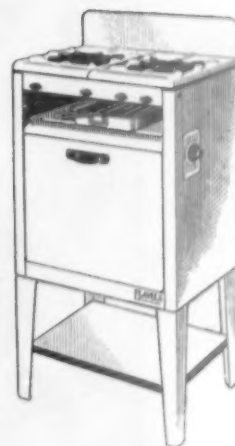
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